



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL of COMMERCE 1938

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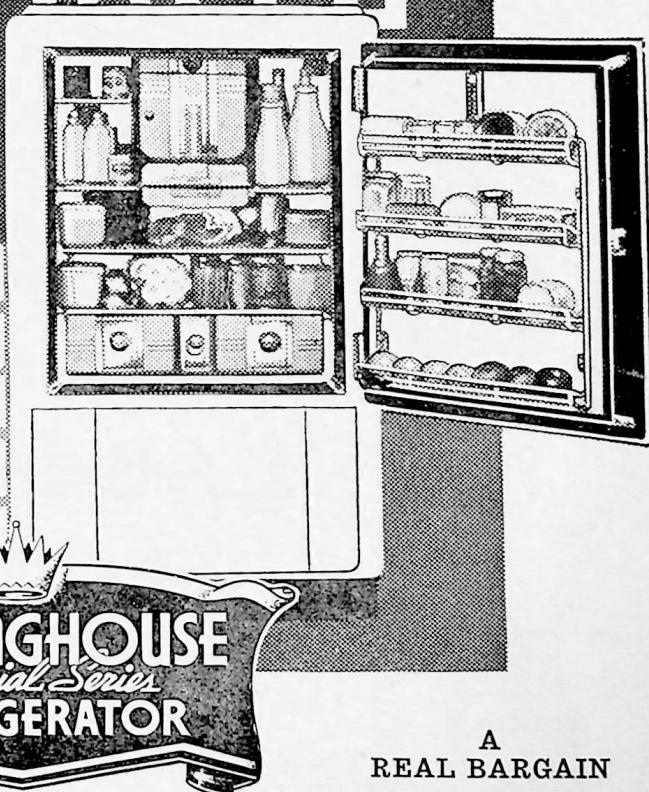
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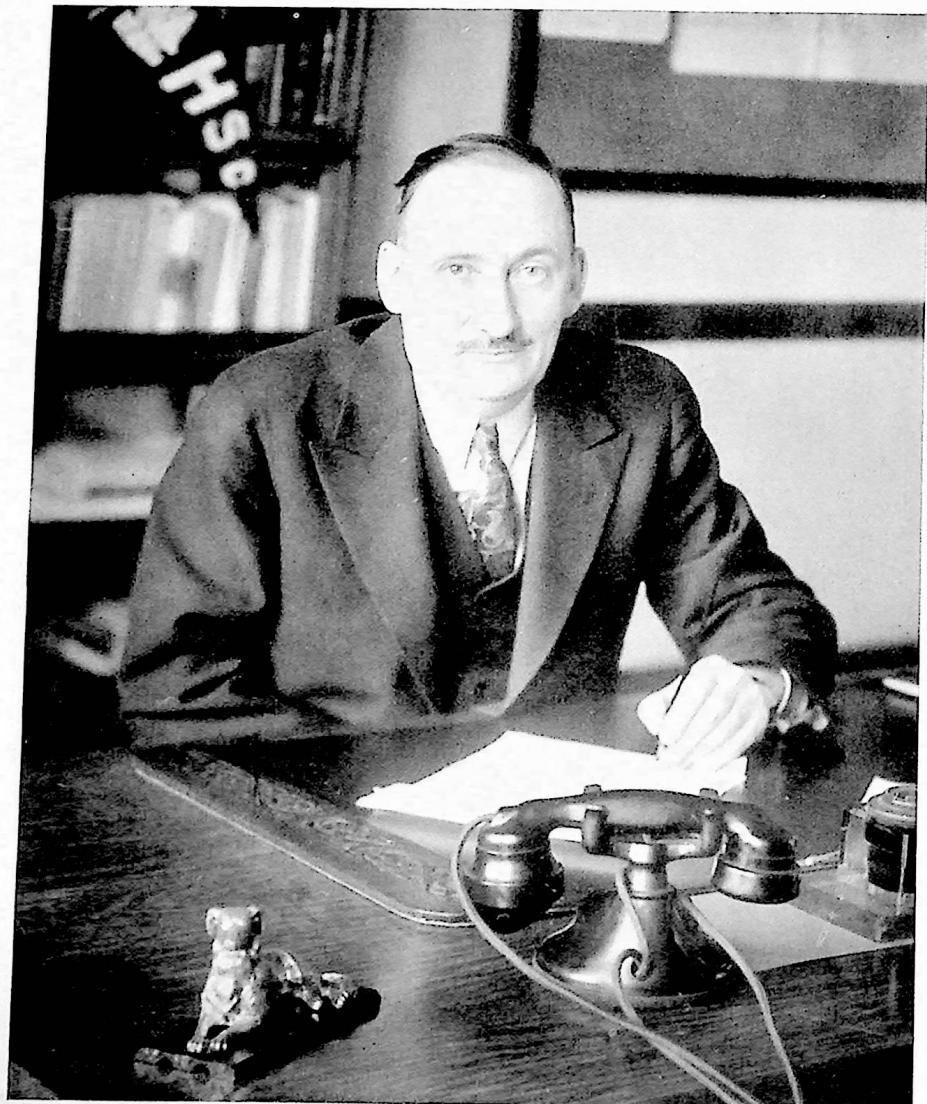
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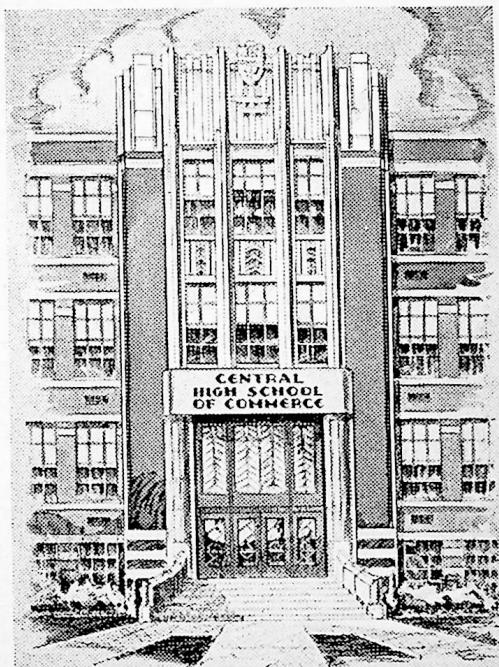
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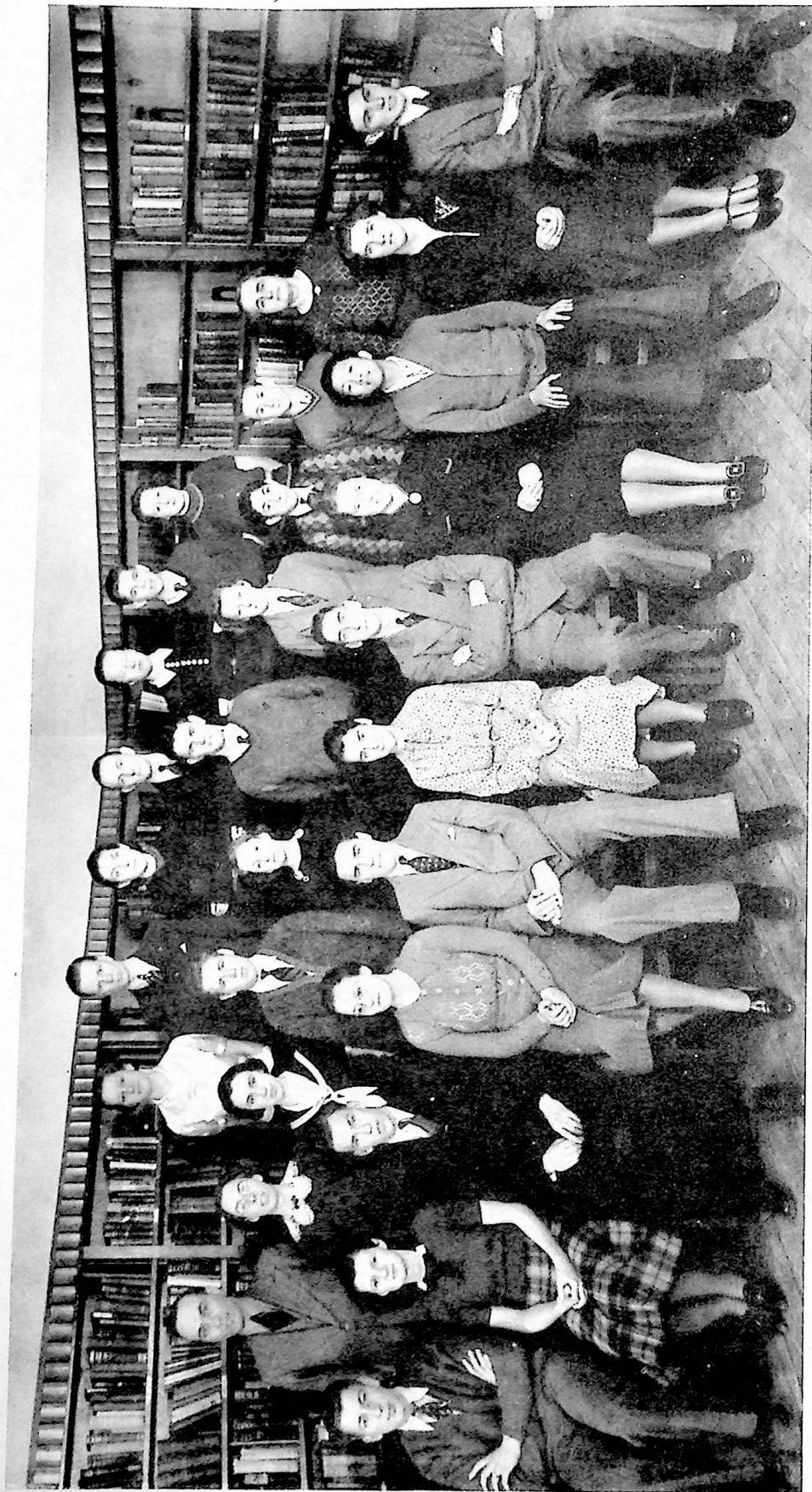
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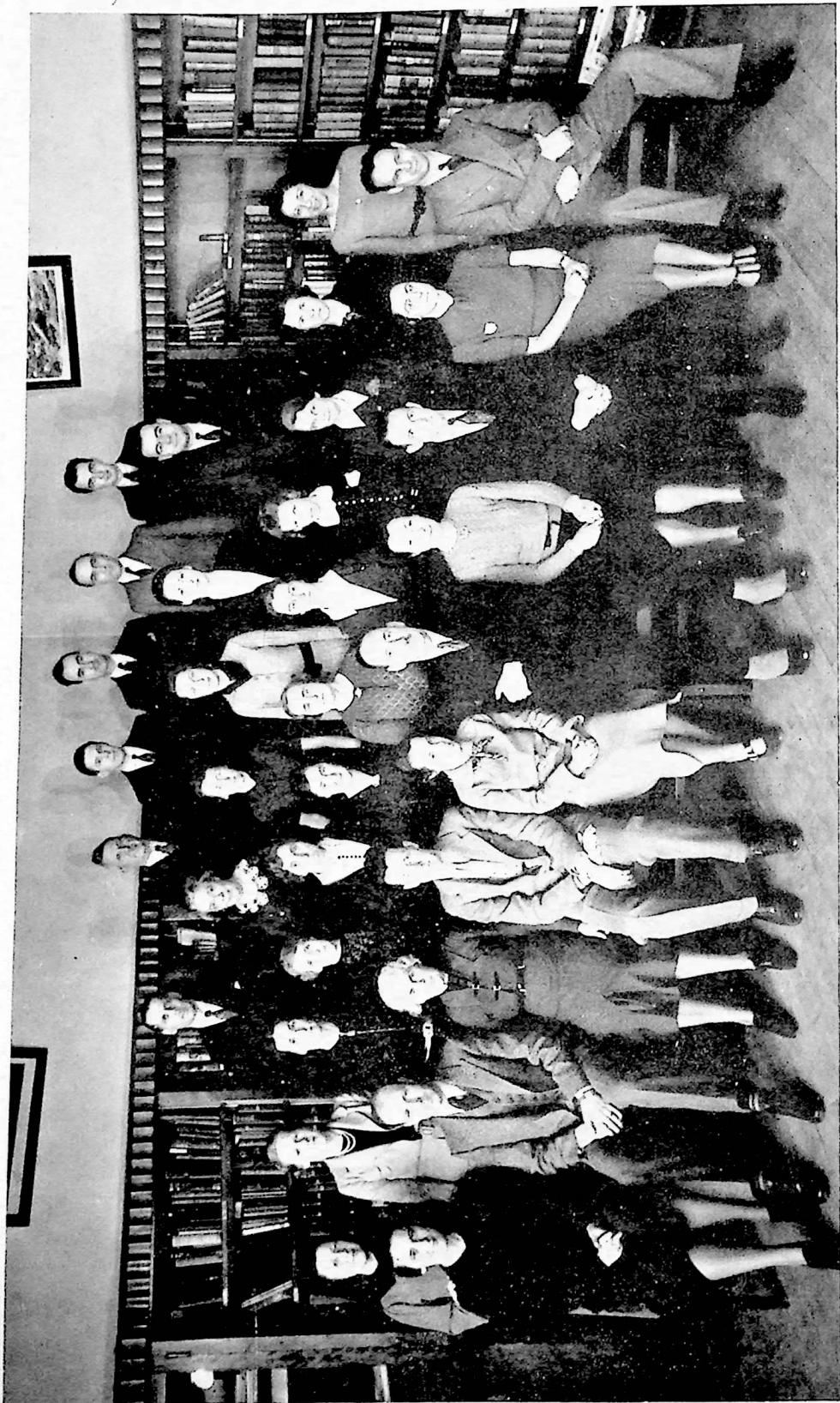
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Editorial

The Longest Way 'Round

by

ELsie HAYWARD, D2, EDITOR

Doubtless, all of you have heard many times the old proverb, "The longest way 'round is the shortest way home," and, too, many of you may have learned, to your sorrow, the truth of this saying. Perhaps, hurrying home some dark, cold night you attempted to cut across a corner of somebody's front lawn and stumbled over a wire which had been stretched across the corner to keep people from doing exactly what you had done and which you had been unable to see in the darkness. Or, maybe you tried to cross a vacant lot on the corner, and remembered, when you found yourself wading through cold, slippery mud that clung to your new suede shoes, that it had rained that morning. Didn't you wish then that you hadn't tried to take a short cut but had gone around the corner and saved yourself considerable time and discomfort?

The short cuts are not always shorter. And you will find that this is so in everything you do, all through life. If you try to take a short cut to reach your goal, you will not be as satisfied as you would have been had you taken the longer way. If you want real satisfaction out of what you do, you must climb up Success Mountain by yourself, step by step, and not ride up on short cuts.

If you pick up a newspaper or a magazine to-day, you do not have to look far before you find various advertised short cuts to success. One that I have often wondered about reads, "Get your matriculation in six months."

I'm not going to say that you can't get your matriculation in six months. Maybe you can. But, if you can get your matriculation in six months, why do the majority of people spend the necessary extra time in a collegiate? Why don't they save valuable time and effort by doing it in a fraction of the time? One thing is certain—if you do all the work in six months, you have not done it thoroughly. It will not stay with you. A few years from now all you will have left is a piece of paper to say that you have done the work. That is of no use whatever to you unless you can still remember what you knew to earn the piece of paper. If your goal was to get that cer-

tificate, just to be able to say that you have got it, then you have reached your goal. But if you wanted to accumulate knowledge for your advantage in the future, you are only part way to your goal. Short cuts will not get you there.

Another thing we should remember is that it does not pay to do anything by halves. We all know this, of course, but often we forget it. It has been said, and truly, too, that if you learn one half of anything, you always find out that it is the other half—the half that you did not learn—that would have been useful to you. No matter what you suggest, this will apply in every case. Two halves of one subject, known well, are of much more use than one half of each of two separate subjects; just as a glove for each hand is useful, but two gloves for the same hand might as well be thrown away. You cannot substitute one half of one subject for an unlearned half of another.

Besides the two short cuts already mentioned, there is another way that you can try to save time. Perhaps the best illustration is a circumstance with which we are all familiar. With paper in the machine and wondering whether "someone" or "wholesale" or some such word at the end of the line is hyphenated, we wait for the "all right" that will set our fingers flying. But first comes the familiar warning, "Accuracy before speed." Not only in typewriting, but in everything that can possibly be suggested, is this true. If the workman making fine watches, the bookkeeper in a large office, the druggist in the corner drug store filling a prescription, or the operator in a telephone exchange cared more for speed, and getting through the job as quickly as he could with as little effort as possible, than for being accurate, this world would indeed be a sad place.

Accuracy should never be sacrificed for speed. You do not gain anything. It takes you more time in the long run. You will, in all likelihood, have to do the work all over again, and, as a result, take twice as long as it would have taken if you had done it accurately in the first place. Or, very likely, you will find yourself without work.

No matter how you look at it, short cuts aren't all they are claimed to be. They do not pay. They are not shorter. You cannot change or hide the fact, however hard you may try. If you take your time over a piece of work, you will receive more credit for it than if you rush through it and make mistakes. A piece of work done, or a lesson learned thoroughly, completely, and accurately the first time, will be more satisfactory and be done more quickly than if you try short cuts which result in slip-shod work only half done.

"The longest way around is the shortest way home." It is an old, old proverb. There have been many proverbs quoted through the long centuries

that have passed. Some have been forgotten and discarded many years ago. Some have lasted until the present day. This is one that has survived years of use.

There must be a great deal of truth in those proverbs which have lasted until now so that we should not disregard them. If we follow the good advice which they give, they may help us to reach greater heights of success than would be possible without them.

So, when you start to do anything, always remember that "The longest way 'round is the shortest way home."

True Success

by

H. LE VAN, C1, ASSISTANT EDITOR

Along with the assumed duties of assistant editor, I find that there is included a task which is to me a pleasure, but I fear to you it may be just a "bore." No doubt the title increases that feeling. You can, however, get considerable benefit from this editorial if you will consider it as merely a friendly chat and not one of those irritating things called sermons. Personally, I doubt very much if sermons ever did anyone any good, for they contain little but chosen phrases and big words which arouse the feelings of unthinking, trustworthy listeners who are supposed to believe all they hear. On the other hand, the educative lectures or, in this case, "chats" which deal with the trials and triumphs of people living in this era of the world's evolution, have done considerable good.

In placing before you my conception of the ideals and characteristics which constitute the few and narrow roads of success, I shall endeavour to picture for you—in perhaps an original way—what so many others have tried to do. These roads, along which so few wend their short journey of life, are extremely full of "ups" and "downs", and progress along them is being continually hindered by detours branching to right and left. The ability to determine which of these detours to take and which to avoid, is the ability that will continually win for you the goal for which you are striving. I use the word "continually" because once your present goal is achieved, you should immediately reach for one just a little bit higher up.

Let us first consider this common and often

misused word "ambition." What is it? In answer to the question I can state that it is merely "an urge, combined with hard work, which directs one to the so-called detour that leads ever upward on life's mountain." You may not ask, "Why do we have ambition?" Very easily answered. We have ambition because it is instinctive for each of us to want to be happy, to be envied, and to be honoured. If, through environmental conditions, one has been deprived of developing this instinct, he cannot be blamed. On the other hand, if you have had opportunity knocking at both back and front door, you have no right to expect it to come to the side door also. By this I mean that if a person passes up chances of reaching his goal by pure and simple laxity on his own part, he has no right to acquire success. Please do not confuse my meaning and assume that I was condemning those who have failed to reach their goal. They are just as much a success as anyone else—provided, of course, that they have done their best.

Don't be misled by the ambitions of early childhood. You once held the policeman or locomotive engineer as your idol, just as I had the elevating ambition to be the man whose job it was to raise and lower the gates at the railway crossing. Just as these are false ambitions, so also is the one created by idolizing some ridiculous character. You go to the movies? Sure you do! Have you ever noticed that after emerging from the theatre which was featuring "Tom Mix Rides Again," and, as an added attraction, "Living in Gangland," you have had the desire to blow somebody's brains out

or to pick a fight with the first person you met? You most certainly did! Some years ago this was a very natural expression of childish emotions, but now that you are attending high school you should begin to think seriously of what you intend to do for a livelihood. You may say—and rightly so—"Don't cross bridges before you come to them," but in the first place you have already arrived, and in case you have not, would it not be a good idea to get both feet on anyway? Be far-sighted enough to know that you cannot earn a living by being a policeman one day and an engineer the next.

Once the ambition has been created, it is necessary to choose a vocation in which you can express this ambition in such a way as to do the most good for yourself and others. Many modern youth do not realize that their future welfare and happiness depend almost wholly upon choosing the right vocation. It is not intended that they should worry themselves about it, but on the other hand they should not put it off as unimportant. With the unlimited classes of work of these supposedly civilized times, one has a vast field from which to choose. Whatever your choice, it must necessarily be one of the two types of labour—physical or mental. We are not concerned here with which is the more difficult or the more advantageous in a financial sense, because the progress of humanity depends upon the co-operation of both. Whether you are a highly paid executive or a simple labourer, the rest of the world depends on both for an existence. Whichever type you may choose, it should be foremost in your mind to select not only one that is suited to your physical or mental capacity, but also one in which you have a decided interest. The important point is to find this interest. In some it is like ambition and is evident all through their lives, but in others a vocational test is a very practical and possibly the only way to determine it. Frequently the unsuspecting parents stick the proverbial "foot in the child's mouth." They believe that the child has left behind some of the intelligence and initiative that it might have inherited from them. Isn't it lucky that so many of our children are extremely unselfish? The proud parents know just the position for little Johnny. He piled six blocks on top of one another when he was four, and is definitely cut out for a building engineer. Not a question of a doubt! Perish the thought. In view of this, poor Johnny is forced to learn something that is a continual bore to him, and because Johnny's natural desires were not

given expression in the type of vocation he wanted, we find him twenty years later walking the streets or perhaps in one of our "Houses of Reform." At the present time they are full of "Johnnies" who, through no fault of their own, have been branded as failures.

I am sure that you will not doubt that happiness and contentment are more important derivatives of work than "more money." Money is a *decided* necessity, but if you are happy in your work, you will continue to do your best in it. Thus applies the old quotation "The man who knows *how* will always have a job, but the man who knows *why* will always be his boss."

As I have pointed out in the preceding paragraphs, success is based primarily upon ambition. Out of it grows your choice of a vocation, and the hundreds of secondary traits and characteristics that are nearly as essential for achieving success.

Success is something placed within the reach of every single one, for it is the will of nature that everyone, great or small, rich or poor, should have the opportunity of living a life that will not only be of the most use to himself and humanity, but at the same time be a happy and contented one. You immediately ask, as everyone does, "What is success?" This question seems to be a difficult one to answer, but many have endeavoured to define it just as I intend to do. Something we all know is that it involves a great and difficult undertaking and affords a way of showing what your real characteristics are. Above all it brings one the greatest happiness in life.

Again comes a question. When will I attain it, and how shall I recognize it? In a sense you will never reach it. You either have achieved it now or you stand a good chance of never getting it. A great many of the men you idolize as being successes never were nor never will be. Success isn't something that arrives on a certain day all wrapped up with bright coloured ribbons so that you may recognize it. You can't look ahead and say you will be a success in twenty, thirty or forty years. You can't point out a wealthy, and in most cases a corpulent, business man and say he is a success because he has attained a few million dollars. You can't term a clergyman a success because he is a good orator and appeases your feelings by some memorized philosophies of life. Success is something built up gradually like character and is either yours or not yours. One can be just as much a success in youth as he can at the age of canes and

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Honoria Verisopht

IRMA E. WEICHELT, C3.

Bertie Nesbit-Smith struck a pose denoting melancholy, and reached for the cup of morning tea at his elbow. He drank with a ruminating air and a dark frown of perplexity furrowing his manly brow. To all appearances, Bertie had no reason to frown. Around him lay in profusion the luxuries that surround a wealthy, pampered, only child. Be that as it may, Bertie frowned.

"Dash it all!" he soliloquised. "A man's hardly out of his teens, and he's expected to hitch up with some female he's barely seen before. Oh, what a blessing it is to have a mother!" (This with a decided sneer). Barely had these words escaped the lips of our hero, when an energetic rap on the door heralded the entrance of Lady Nesbit-Smith, the maternal parent of young Bertram.

Lady Nesbit-Smith was a large, grey-haired woman, with resolutely compressed lips and steely grey eyes. Those piercing orbs now flashed with the light of battle. Ignoring her son's lugubrious greeting, she seated herself on his bed and fastened her eyes on his countenance, causing her off-spring to shrink farther and farther under the blankets until only his tousled hair and bulging eyes could be seen. Then came the dreaded words from the lips of the matron.

"Bertram, your third-cousin, Honoria Verisopht, has been at our residence for two weeks. You have not yet proposed to her. When are you going to follow my wishes?"

"But, mother," gulped Bertie, reappearing to the surface for air and immediately sliding back again, "I—I don't love Honoria. I've only seen her once before. She—she's not my type."

"Nonsense!" snapped the stern dowager. "All THAT will come later on. What you need is a good wife that will bring you up. If I left you to your inclinations, you'd probably run off with some chorus-dancer. I have made up my mind! You either marry Honoria or I disinherit you and leave you penniless. Can you imagine yourself penniless? You'd be like a fish out of water. Well, think it over. You have my blessing in advance." With these pregnant words, the lady left her son to think over his future.

Meanwhile, the subject of this conversation was

ensconced in the breakfast room, engaged in the mastification of a man-sized breakfast and the perusal of a report of the Women's Improvement Society on "Deterioration of Morals among the Savages of South Africa."

Honoria Verisopht could hardly be termed a pre-possessing woman. Her face was too pasty, her eyes too metallic, her mouth too wide, and her figure too bony and mannish. This fair damsel was interrupted in her meal by the entrance of her cousin and would-be-lover. The customary morning greetings were exchanged. Bertie seated himself and toyed with his kidney-on-toast. He stole a look at his intended. His mouth opened.

"Do—do you every intend to get married to a MAN?" stammered Bertie, very red in the face and resembling a bilious boiled lobster. Honoria laid down her report.

"Well, I must say you took a precious long time about it," she commented. "Of course, I'll marry you," she continued, wiping her fair mouth. "Tomorrow at nine. I've got the ring and the tickets for our honeymoon to Bath. During our trip we'll not do any serious work. We'll read Milton, then Homer, then Shakespeare, then Pythagoras, and THEN I'll start taking you in hand. Now kiss me, and then I've got to go to a meeting concerning the promotion of Shakespeare to the kindergarten. Next time you'll accompany me." And so the sweet maiden bounced out of the room.

It was the morning of the next day. The rain poured down. The wind whistled and moaned as though lamenting the departure of a dear friend. The weather seemed to accord with the spirits of a young man disconsolately leaning over the railing of H.M.S. Oceania. This individual was noticeable, simply because he was the only living thing standing on deck of any boat that cold, bleak morning. The young man stood there immovable, his coat collar turned up, staring moodily at the expanse of smelly brown water separating him from the shore.

"After all," sighed Bertram Augustus Willis Nesbit-Smith, "compared with Milton and Shakespeare and, above all, HONORIA, South Africa's not a bad country."

Blest Be The Apron Strings

MARY DAVIES, S2.

Perhaps you will better understand the motives for such a rash act if I explain the circumstances that led up to it. Ever since he was a small boy, Hiram H. Sidatome had been under the guiding hand of his widowed mother. He had always been with her, and to use a very cliché expression, he found himself tied to his mother's apron strings.

Almost immediately on leaving business college he had obtained a position in a musty little office in the older part of the city. There he had applied himself diligently and efficiently, and at the end of ten years had risen to the position of junior clerk. A half of his meagre salary went into the bank, a quarter of it went to his mother, and with the rest, he bought his clothes, paid his street-car fare, and had enough left for church collection, and sometimes, if he were careful, a few peppermints.

On this lovely spring morning he was sitting enjoying the last of his peppermints, (he had been able to buy them because some one gave him a ride to work that morning) and was glancing idly at some travel catalogues which someone had slipped under the office door that morning. "Break loose!" he read. "Be a man! Slip that ball and chain! Join our special-rate excursion to New York where lights are brighter and the music gay!"

Just then he was awakened from his unattainable dreams by a voice from the inner office calling, "Mr. Sidatome!" Immediately Hiram swung his feet off the desk, disengaged his thumbs from the armholes of his vest, let the front legs of the chair drop back onto the floor, and stood up. With a timid knock and a discreet cough, he entered the sanctuary of Percival Q. Pinkerton.

"Ahem! Mr. Sidatome!" began Mr. Pinkerton, while he continued drawing geometrical puzzles on his blotter. "Ahem! You have been working here ten years now, I believe, and—a, a mere oversight on our part, but—a—I think we have neglected giving you a vacation so far. The fact was just called to my notice this morning by—a person who said he thought you were getting—a—acid indigestion, and a change of air might do you good. So," he continued to Hiram who had sunk down, (but not for long), on the horse-hair sofa, "we think we can allow you two weeks' vacation. Here is two weeks' pay in advance. Have a good time and—ahem!—don't run away with any wild women!" he added mischievously.

Thus, for the first time in his life, Hiram H. Sidatome was thrown off his clock-like regularity, and saw before him two weeks free from time-clocks. Of course, the natural reaction set in. On

his mad rush from the office he picked up the travel folders from the desk, threw his hat in the air and caught it deftly on his toe, did a rhumba down the hall, and arrived, breathless and wild-eyed, on the street where he was eyed suspiciously by a passing policeman.

That afternoon when little Mrs. Sidatome, Hiram's mother, returned from a tea meeting she found a note propped against a vase of flowers. It read:

"Darling Mother, I've gone away,
Where the lights are bright and the music gay.
Please don't worry, I'll be O.K.
With a high-diddle-diddle and a hey-de-hey"!

Mrs. Sidatome's first impulse was to call the police, but all at once a sudden thought struck her, and finding herself in front of a mirror, she ran her fingers through her hair and exclaimed in excited tones to her reflection: "Janet, at last after thirty years you're free to do what you want! Whoopee!" And picking up the red fringed covering from the top of the piano, she did an Indian war dance into the bedroom.

Three days later a resident of New York might have noticed a stranger coming out of the Commodore Hotel. He wore a suit of small black and white checks with the latest Clark Gable back and Robert Taylor shoulders. His former moth-eaten moustache was now clipped in the latest William Powell droop, and over his immaculately groomed hands he wore a pair of kid gloves. A bowler and a jaunty cane completed the charming ensemble. As he walked along he hummed one of those gay little popular tunes; something about "When you and I were young, Margaret."

"Now all I need," said Hiram to himself, "is some charming girl to help me 'do the town?'" (He had picked up that catchy little phrase at the Roxy the night before.) "I suppose," he continued, "all I have to do is to stroll up to someone casually and say, 'haven't we met somewhere before', or something equally original and everything will soon be arranged. That's what I'll do!" he added with determination.

Hardly had he made up his mind, when he saw ahead of him a graceful creature dressed in red, with a little purple hat, around which chestnut curls played hide and seek, (or was it "nuts in May"?) Hiram quickened his steps to overtake her.

"Pardon me, miss," he stammered, "but haven't we—" She whirled about, and the last thing he said before he lost consciousness was, "There ain't no justice—it's maw."

Justice

MARGUERITE PERRY, D2.

A rider rounded the bend of a narrow gully. The clop-clop of his horse's hoofs on the rocks broke the stillness. Lengthening shadows indicated the time of day.

The horse, a red stallion, magnificently proportioned, picked his way daintily, proud head held high. At a word from the rider, Red, for that was the animal's name, topped the ravine and galloped swiftly toward a group of trees.

On reaching the trees, the rider dismounted, throwing his saddle-bags on the ground. After turning the horse loose, he gathered some branches and quickly made a fire. From the bags he took a rusty pot, coffee, a few slices of bacon, and a can of beans. While preparing his meagre meal, he sang in a low guttural voice. In the light from the fire the man was plainly outlined. Squat and fat, he looked very much like a toad. His face was pock-marked and a livid red. But it was his eyes that caught and held attention; they were a pale blue, glittering evilly—the eyes of a killer.

When he had finished the meal, he took out a pipe, filled it, and settled down comfortably before the fire. Slatts—his full name was Henry Walde-mar Slatts,—was feeling very happy and pleased with himself. He had killed a man that afternoon. Not that it was unusual for him to kill a man, but it had been a young man—a curly-headed boy with a love of life. Lately it had been his fate to kill only old men but at last his luck had changed. Bringing out his gun, he touched it lovingly, smoothing his hand over the shiny surface of the handle. It had been his good friend for many years, never failing him in emergencies. No notches marred the perfection of the gun. Slatts was not the kind of person who boasted of his victims. Anyway, there would have been no handle if he had notched it for every murder he had committed. He put the gun away reluctantly and rose to his feet.

Bringing some blankets from his pack, he spread them on the ground. At his whistle Red stopped grazing and trotted toward him. The ugly little man grated out a command; the horse drooped his proud head and remained motionless. He would stay in that position until the time to ride.

Lying down on the thin roll, the killer tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. Visions arose before him. He remembered what had happened that very afternoon when he had ridden into the little town of Tombstone. Leaving Red at the

hitching post, he had strode into the "Two Bits" saloon. He had ordered a drink, and while he waited for it, the young man next to him had jolted his arm, accidentally. Turning quickly, Slatts had stared at the youth, his eyes gleaming wickedly, his hand toying with the handle of his gun. The boy apologized, laughing a little as he watched the hideous little man bring out a gun. He didn't laugh long. A few seconds later he was lying huddled on the floor, a small round hole in his forehead. Slatts had run out of the saloon, climbed up on Red, and galloped down the street. A posse had quickly been organized to chase this murderer.

As Red had soon outdistanced the pursuers, finally they had turned back—all except one. Slatts didn't know that one of the posse had followed him partly on horseback and partly on foot, and that he had gone back to Tombstone and got together a smaller posse. Slatts didn't know that the posse was even now on its way to his camp with the intention of stringing him up on the limb of a tree. The visions had faded. Slatts had fallen asleep—the calm sleep of a man with a clear conscience.

While he was sleeping so peacefully, a band of horsemen rode silently toward the camp. Red nickered softly but Slatts did not hear. The group dismounted and moved grimly over to the sleeping man. Not a word was spoken to break the stillness of the night. The leader stepped forward and kicked Slatts. He awoke to find death staring him in the face. Twelve men stood in a circle around him—twelve men with a purpose, and a worthy cause to back that purpose. Two stern-faced men tied the rope around his neck. Slatts stood up, an incongruous figure of a man. Yet, even though the fading firelight revealed clearly his misshapen body, his ugly face, he commanded a certain respect from his intended murderers. They hauled him over to Red and set him in the saddle. One of the men tied the other end of the rope to the limb of a tree. Slatts smiled now, a small, tight smile. Another man stepped forward and slapped Red sharply with his whip. Startled, the animal leaped forward. His rider was flung into space. A sharp crack, a brief struggle, and it was all over.

Without a backward look, the grim avengers mounted their horses and rode away. In the early morning light the limp figure hanging from the tree limb was sharply outlined.

Justice had been meted out!

The Man Who Called on the Gods

R. MCKAY, D.L.

At one time in India, I knew a certain native Hindu, who had helped me to appropriate a valuable gold and silver cup. The job was an easy one and my story is not about it, but about its disposal.

The Hindu had been with me for some time and he began to feel that since he did half the work, he should get half the proceeds. When he approached me about the matter, I called him a few unsavory names and told him, "No." His eyes sparkled for a minute in a dangerous manner, and then he regained any composure that he had momentarily lost. He said nothing and we did not refer to it again.

The events that followed may have been planned by him or they may have been chance, but, however it was, it is most certain that we did get lost in the Eastern Ghats. We had left Bangalore headed for Pondicherry, where we planned to dispose of the cup, when we accidentally wandered off the trail. It was dark because we were travelling at night and consequently we were not to blame.

When morning came, I had definitely lost my bearings; the Hindu, however, had I believed recovered his, even though he claimed ignorance of the country. We came at last to a native village, and here my suspicions were definitely aroused because the Hindu was obviously well-known. I reprimanded him sharply and asked him what was his game. He said nothing, but beckoned me to follow, as he led the way through the village and up a hill on the far side.

At the top of the hill was a small temple at the door of which he stopped.

"Sahib," he said turning to me, "this is my village and here you cannot escape. I could take the cup but that would not be fair, and so we will pray to the gods to assign it to whom they will."

Frankly, I did not believe that he intended to do anything but convince himself that he was not cheating me, his partner in crime, and so I merely told him to go ahead. I could do nothing and I realized it.

He took the cup, which I had been carrying, from its case, and putting it on the ground about ten feet from me. He sat down opposite me and at the same distance from the cup.

From within the temple came sounds of wailing, and a heavy incense perfumed the air. Curiously enough the villagers had all left us and we sat alone on the hill. I felt rather silly, but yet the

strange scene awed me while the incense seemed to numb my senses.

I took a very good look at the cup. What I expected I do not know, but I suddenly noticed long shadows beginning to fall on the ground. Looking up I saw strange black clouds rolling down from the peaks of the Ghats, while a heavy mist began to settle on the earth, swirling around us and giving the scene a blurred indistinctness like something seen in a dream. The thunder muttered, and from some hidden source music began to play softly, as though from far away.

I allowed my gaze to wander to the cup again, and then try as I would, I could not draw it away. The cup seemed to radiate light that leaped and flashed, clearing the mist around it so that it stood out clearly in its own light. All at once the thunder increased to a crescendo, the sky lit up, and a blinding flash of lightning fell straight to the cup. For one split second it lasted, and when it fell away, I could not see. However, after a few minutes I regained control of my eyesight. I could see the Hindu still sitting staring; the thunder had passed; the praying had ceased, and there was a deathly stillness. I looked for the cup, it had gone.

In its place were two neat piles of silver divided equally.

My "ideals"? I never knew I had any, but suddenly they crumbled away like sand, before the man who had called on the gods. I was trembling with fright; I think my mind was near insanity. The Hindu seemed to realize my condition for he came over to me, put his hand on my shoulder and repeated the old native proverb:

"Your Gods and my Gods—do you or I know which are the stronger?"

A Greenhorn Makes Good

STAN. CASTLE, B.I.

High above the desolate, ravaged countryside of France, a long single-seater pursuit plane was cruising. Seated in the cockpit was Bob Hall, a new replacement from Pilot's Pool, flying to his assigned squadron. For a moment he forgot that he was in the thick of the greatest carnage in history. He was quickly brought to his senses, however, by the staccato bark of a Spandaus machine gun mounted on the engine cowling of an enemy Fokker.

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D2—From left to right: *Back Row*: E. Hayward, O. Henniker, J. De Vries, D. Cadman, C. Cumberland, M. Clark, B. Walker, A. Norris, I. Marshall. *Middle Row*: A. Jacobs, T. Pelletier, M. Galloway, B. Hayes, M. Turnbull, D. Longland, R. Houser, M. Llewellyn, A. Clark, M. Gear. *Front Row*: E. Wiffin, M. Williams, M. Perry, I. Clegg, F. Gee, Miss McCoig, R. Schire, H. Cunningham, B. Carte, A. Blackburn.



D3—*Back Row*: D. Moore, R. Waring, P. Truesdale, L. Bush, R. McCrimmon, V. Bayne, R. Hodson, R. Smith, H. Zolymony, L. Shaw. *Second Row*: E. Speers, E. Quinn, J. Shiell, R. Malcolm, B. Exley, A. Phillips, M. Evershed, E. May, O. Levay, S. Ostrowski. *First Row*: C. Cameron, J. Reise, D. Malloy, H. Grasley, E. White, Miss H. M. Dodds, K. McAuley, M. Jacques, J. Johnston, A. Southall.

World Events

"Thunder in the East"

*"China will fall,
The Empire of China will crumble down,
When the Alps and the Andes crumble down;
When the sun and the moon have crumbled
down."*

LINDSAY.

Once upon a time, in 1928, to be exact, fifteen nations signed the Kellogg-Brian Peace Pact renouncing war as a means of settling international disputes. During the last week of December 1937, the death occurred of Frank Billings Kellogg, co-author of the famous Peace Pact. Since July 7, 1937, there has been war between China and Japan, in which the only visible influence of the Kellogg Pact has been that both sides have modestly refrained from declaring it.

For hundreds of years China and Japan were self-sufficient, holding few relations with the people of Europe. China's geographical position influenced her much in this respect. From the days of Marco Polo in the thirteenth century until the fifteenth century when the Turks captured Constantinople, merchants journeyed overland to China. From 1453 on they sailed around Africa to India, China and Japan. However, the yellow-skinned people acknowledged them reluctantly. This attitude did not restrain France, Great Britain, Holland and later United States, who each in search of new markets, forced China and Japan in the last century to open her ports for trading.

In the nineteenth century, both imperialism and industrialism, grew rampant among the nations. Japan caught the fever and as a result of her war with China in 1894, she gained the Island of Formosa. In the Russian-Japanese War of 1904-1906, she lowered Russia's prestige by driving the Russian Bear out of Manchuria. In 1910, Japan seized Korea which she renamed Chosen, and during the World War she seized the German stronghold of Kiao-Chau in China. Industrially, too, she has marched steadily onward; she produces the greatest supply of raw silk in the world, and can furnish eighty per cent of her copper requirements, and from 10-60 per cent of her needs in tin, zinc, lead, jute, flax and hemp.

On the other hand, China—aptly called the "sleeping giant," shrouded in ancestor worship and the philosophy of Confucius—did not stir herself

when imperialism reared its enterprising head, and when the mechanized trunk of industrialism swayed, China was too absorbed in her past. The ancient methods of cultivation and transport employed by her ancestors continued to satisfy her. Thus she has not developed as early as Japan.

The conflict that began with the exchange of shots at the Marco Polo Bridge, near Peiping, was a long-pending one. China maintains that Japan desires to rule not only China, but all Asia. However, the Japanese Foreign Minister, Koki Hirota declares, "We are fighting Anti-Japanese movements in China. Japan has no other objection than to see a happy tranquil North China." In other words, "we are witnessing a caveman courtship, where the bridegroom clubs his inamorata a crack over the head, and drags her home by the hair." Thus, we see that Japan is cementing international friendship by means of machine-guns!

The Japanese have entered upon this war with a mutual national spirit, but without outstanding leaders. The Chinese have for their leaders the "Man and Wife of the Year," Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang. Under them the traditionally disunited Chinese have slowly awakened to national consciousness.

It is heartening to know that Soviet China has come to the aid of her celestial mother in her hour of need. In September, 100,000 veteran soldiers from Shensi province joined forces with Nanking against Japan, thus ending the ten-year feud between the Communists and the government led by Chiang Kai-Shek. Generalissimo Chiang also had the assurance of 150,000 experienced Reds in reserve. This potent army, well equipped with modern munition supplies, is causing considerable havoc among the Japanese troops. Their cavalry patrols are quick to attack, disperse, re-form, and attack again. These guerrilla tactics do more than slightly bruise Japan's army. China's Reds are used to it; the Japanese are not.

Since one half of Britain's trade with China is carried on in Shanghai, Japan expected, by pulverizing this New York of the Far East, to ruin China's commerce and finance. Fortunately China's nervous bankers had already sold their silver bullion to the United States before hostilities broke out. This made possible her resistance to

NOT

Japan. Furthermore, the shrewd Finance Minister Kung added to the Chinese purse the vast loans secured during his recent tour of Europe.

The Sino-Japanese war is leaving death and destruction in its wake, as does every war. At this moment in China the air, dense with smoke, is rent with screams; mothers kneel sobbing beside the still bodies of their children; men lie dead and dying. The Chinese refugees suffer a living death. Hunger, filth and disease dog their footsteps. A correspondent writing to the magazine *Time* reported that 14,000 refugees were living like vermin

in a single theatre. Among the 1,000,000 refugees from battle areas "a child was born every minute, there was a death every three minutes, and twelve mothers died in childbirth every hour."

War looms always as an ugly tyrant. It is mass murder on a scientific basis, leaving scars that heal but slowly. May we trust that the Sino-Japanese conflict terminates speedily, and may we fervently pray that we be spared the needless heartache and despair of another "war to end war".

ANNE MAKLIN, S2.

All is Not Quiet on the Western Front

Flash! One hundred invalids were killed in an airplane raid on a Barcelona hospital.

How often do we read of such atrocities in the daily newspapers? Every day the papers are full of such barbaric, inhuman assaults on non-combatants, mostly women and children.

The "civil" war in Spain, if it can be called "civil", has advanced to a point where the relations of the rest of the world are in grave danger of being severed.

Before we go much farther, perhaps it would be best to give you a brief summary of the origin and history of the conflict.

It has started out much the same way as did the famous Civil War of the United States of America, back in 1860, when the South voted Democratic and the North voted Republican and one half of the country was lined up against the other. Thus it was that in February, 1936, Eastern Spain voted liberal, while Western Spain voted conservative. Today these same voters face one another as "loyalists" and "rebels" in the Spanish trenches—the East against the West.

There are several parties in Spain, but the chief ones are the Socialists, Communists, and Anarcho-Syndicates, who now make up the Loyalist side and the Conservatives, Agrarians, and Monarchists who are now referred to as the Rebels or "Nationalists."

Generalissimo Francisco Franco led the rebels in the South, and Emilio Mola led them in the North. Mola was the outstanding general on the rebel's side, but he was killed in an airplane accident in June, 1937, and his loss was keenly felt. Franco then took over full control. Both of these men received advice from German and Italian military experts, while the Loyalists were advised by Russian experts. Franco has numerous Ger-

man specialists and technicians along with dozens of Italian divisions and an Irish contingent. Italian aeroplanes, tanks, armoured cars and troops are found on every front. The Loyalists, on the other hand, have some Russian fliers and tank-men and the International Brigade of French, British and American Anti-Fascists, but few, almost no, war machines have been sent into the country to help this side. All told the Nationalists at the beginning of 1938 had some 400,000 men at the various fronts, while the Loyalists had about 500,000. This all simmers down to the fact that Germany and Italy are officially backing the Rebels while France and Russia's official sympathy is with the Loyalists. England has tried to remain neutral.

In September, 1936, the nine leading countries of Europe signed a non-intervention pact, by which they were not to aid either Spanish side. These countries, namely, England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Czechoslovakia and Sweden, have not lived up to this agreement, as may be seen by the number of German, Italian, Russian and French soldiers and technicians in Spain. The question arises why have these nations become interested in the Spanish war? What have they to gain?

Italy is interested because Generalissimo Franco has promised her the Balearic Islands and Ceuta, a seaport opposite to Gibraltar. Italy still has the great ideal of becoming supreme in the Mediterranean Sea, and ousting Britain.

Germany is interested because if Spain were Fascist like Germany, Italy and Portugal, it would give more prestige to Fascism in the eyes of the other European countries. Also, Germany is on the lookout for colonial possessions, and Franco has offered her Spanish Morocco, which holds valuable manganese and iron deposits.

On the other hand, what has Russia done to influence the outcome of the war? At the beginning she voted 200,000,000 rubles to aid the Spanish Loyalists and has since sent aviators, mechanics, and technicians to help them. In return she expects a goodly proportion of the minerals of Spain in the event of a Loyalist victory.

France has tried to remain neutral as far as possible and, therefore, no official troops have been ordered over to Spain, although there are many French soldiers who have crossed to Spain. It is mainly because if Spain were to become Fascist, France would be surrounded by Fascist countries, which would be, to say the least, an unpleasant predicament for a country where a socialist government is in power.

Finally, let us look at the stand England has taken regarding the so-called "civil" war.

England has remained neutral, but she is greatly interested in the outcome of the war, for, if Franco wins, Italy will get the Balearic Islands and Ceuta, thus jeopardizing the effectiveness of Gibraltar and lessening British influence in the Mediterranean.

So it may be seen that the outcome of the war in Spain is of interest to nearly all the European nations, and anything they can do to swing the tide in their own favour, they will do. This has caused much friction among the nations who are taking opposite sides, and has been one reason for the friendly feelings between Italy and Germany resulting in the Rome-Berlin axis of 1937.

It is Generalissimo Franco's idea to drive a wedge between Loyalist South-East Spain with headquarters at Valencia and Loyalist North-East Spain with headquarters in the Catalonian capital of Barcelona. With this purpose in mind he launched his attack in the Teruel district at the beginning of the year, and although unsuccessful at first, his troops are now breaking through the line from Madrid to Barcelona.

As we go to press, news is flashing from Spain that Barcelona is giving way to the demands of the extremists among the Loyalists and one may well ask, "How will it all end?"

R. HYNES, D.L.

Trouble in the Holy Land

Almost every night we read some articles in the newspaper on the uprising in Palestine. There is continual strife in that country between the Jews and the Arabs.

Since the World War the British, who were granted a mandate by the League of Nations, have encouraged Jewish immigration into what was their home land two thousand years ago.

The real seat of the trouble is that the Jews are too enterprising. The transformation the land underwent in their skilful hands is like a page from one of Grimm's fairy tales. Before the Jewish influx, the cities reeked with filth, the air was filled with pestilence, the water was polluted, and industries were few and small; transportation and power were still in the donkey and human muscle stage, and the country was one of the most forbidding on the face of the earth.

Present day Palestine, in contrast, is a Western country in every essential respect, and one must go back to the Arab village or to the native quarters of the cities to discover the Palestine that was, and even there one finds the inroads of change.

Palestinian homes are today equipped with every modern convenience known in Canada or the

United States, including automatic heating, refrigeration, gas, electricity, upto-date bathroom, telephone and radio. The cities are clean, managed by civic authorities who provide parks, playgrounds, modern schools, libraries, theatres and hotels. Travel is modern. Fast trains, auto, or bus, whisk one over smooth highways. The landscape, once bare, as it was in great need of amelioration, is now yielding huge crops of wheat, oats and truck garden products. Industry is booming. There was no depression in Palestine, they experienced unparalleled prosperity, nay, a veritable boom. There is a shortage of labour; banks have overflowing coffers, and the government had a surplus of \$4,000,000. All these changes were made with little or no aid from foreign resources; the Jews built up the land "with their own hands."

The Arabs are apparently jealous or fearful of the increasing power of the Jews, and since 1936 they have conducted a general strike, in protest of Jewish immigration and settlement, which has long since acquired the aspects of an organized revolution. They have burned or bombed Jewish property; cut telephone wires; cut and fired oil pipe lines; stoned buses; shot at Jewish and British officials; created street riots, and recently they

engaged in battles with British troops, which resulted in many deaths.

The British are taking no sides; they are aiding the Jews, not because they think that they are right, but because they do not approve of Arab methods. The Arab has constantly and obstinately refused to accept any terms except his own, and seems content to resort to violence.

The wise King Solomon died over a thousand years ago, but today, in this twentieth century, we find his spirit living on in the Palestine Committee's Report. That Modern Judgment of Solomon, decreeing that the disputed "baby" be bisected, has been received with outward calm by the two claimants, though both profess to be astonished by its provisions.

The new Palestine, as proposed by the report, has separate Jewish and Arab states, leaving the

Holy Places, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth under British control, until they can prove their ability to govern themselves. It was suggested in the report that favourable exchange be arranged, because considerable tracts of Arab-owned land are left in the Jewish area, while the bulk of the Jewish-owned land, the Coastal strip and the Galilee area, is included in the proposed Arab area. Lake Hula, which afforded an excellent opportunity for development and colonization, has been left in the Jewish area.

The Arabs, however, complain that the report conformed to Jewish views, and they are getting nothing but rock and desert out of the partition scheme, and that it leaves between 300,000 and 400,000 of their people outside of it. To their further disapproval, the Arab state will be cut off

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FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Back Row--A. Yakmalion, Junior; B. McMurray, Intermediate; B. Kaplansky, Senior.
Front Row--H. Noseworthy, Junior; E. Waterfield, Intermediate; O. Theobald, Senior.



Special I—From left to right: *Back Row*: J. Lebovitch, W. Drew, F. Groom, R. Parr, J. Cline, C. Dodman. *Third Row*: N. Curtis, K. Forsyth, I. Langhorne, H. Green, S. Kurek, J. Leadbeater, G. Cline, J. Horsley, D. Waring. *Second Row*: B. Windsor, J. Shields, E. Gilbert, K. Harvey, H. O'Donnell, S. Wands, I. Walker, N. Hartnup, H. Carrigan, C. Whittington, B. McGugan. *Front Row*: L. Baker, M. Fribance, G. Kurek, A. MacDonald, B. Johnson, Miss R. Wood, M. Durney, L. McKenty, K. Pritchard, O. Kokerus, B. MacDougall.



S2—From left to right: *Back Row*: R. Booth, E. Vanderwort, M. Scher, I. Townsend, F. Creasor, R. Gothard, R. Gardner, D. Robb, J. Anderson, R. Blain, M. Mulholland. *Middle Row*: B. Mulholland, H. Carr, B. Card, J. Carter, M. Newton, M. Davies, M. Stinson, M. McBride, A. Watson, N. Nethery, D. R. Abbott, V. Mason, R. Harte, B. Scott, M. Broughton. *Front Row*: B. Armitt, M. Miller, B. Hunter, D. Hall, M. Ritchie, Miss E. Ferguson, V. Corsini, A. Macklin, E. MacKenzie, E. Cooper, G. McKeil.

The Well of Death

Thousands of years ago, there dwelt on the Yucatan peninsula, in Central America, a race of people called Mayans. On the fifth day of a certain month, possibly August, these superstitious people offered up to their Rain God a sacrifice. The inhabitants hoped that through this medium the deity would refrain from sending a drought to ruin their crops.

When the dawn stole softly over the land, the sacrificial procession began its journey to the sacred well where the offering was to be given to the god. Priests, resplendent in their colorful vestments, jewelled diadems, and turquoise masks strode at the head of the entourage. Beautiful sloe-eyed temple maidens, lavishly gowned, strewed the pathway with the fragrant blossoms of the oleander and hibiscus. Great warriors, incense-bearing acolytes, and noblemen followed slowly to the yawning well.

Inside a gorgeously decorated palanquin, reclined the bride-to-be of Yum-Chac, the Rain God. Chosen as the most beautiful maiden in Yucatan, adorned with jewels and garlands of flowers, she believed with child-like simplicity that the Rain God

would welcome her to his palace and honour her.

Beside this palanquin marched the bravest of Yucatan's young warriors. He shared none of the girl's illusions. The water would be icy, and the weight of his armour would bear him down to a slow death from strangulation. Yet, he showed no lack of faith in Yum-Chac's benevolence.

The procession halts beside the well. The priest raises his arms, praying to the invisible deity. The acolytes chant a rhythmic dirge, accompanied by the throbbing, pulsing drums. The attendants lift the maiden from her couch to the edge of the pit of doom. The drums grow louder—the chanters quicken their dirge—the drums beat a mad tattoo—the crowd is silent—the chant reaches its crescendo—one swelling roar—the bride is hurled into the abyss! Like a flash of fire, with sword uplifted, the youth plunges. For a moment the fluttering white garments and crimson helmet plumes intermingle as man and maid strike the slimy waters. The ripples spend themselves against the rocky walls . . . Yum-Chac has received the sacrifice.

OLIVE DARLING, C3.

Music

*"The man who hath no music in himself,
Nor is moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted."*

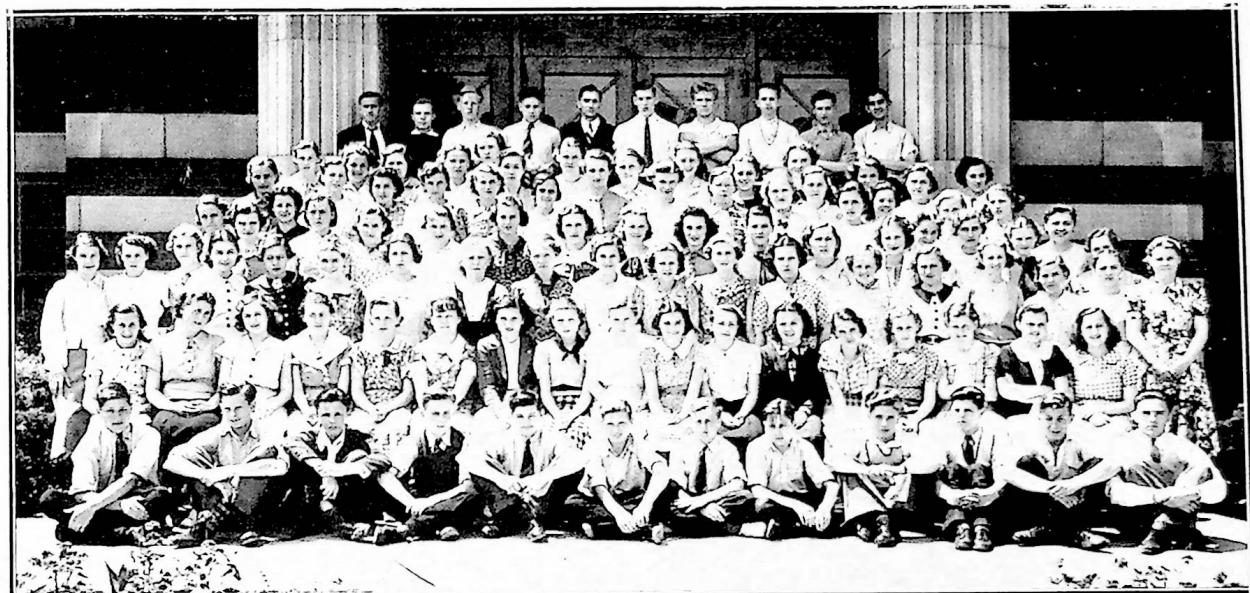
Although music is thousands of years old, it is only in the last few centuries that it has developed and broadened into its present form. The phonograph and radio have aided considerably in bringing music to the masses, and today there is a great demand for good music. This is evidenced by the well-attended concerts and the increasing number of programmes of classical music being broadcast over the radio.

What is music? Nobody has yet succeeded in fully defining it. The Highroad's Dictionary says, "Music is the art of arranging sounds to please the ear." A better definition is given by W. J. Turner in his book "Music." He writes, "Music is a language in which every shade of human feeling from the sensuous to the most highly spiritualized can be expressed." Thus we see that music is a lan-

guage which expresses the innermost emotions of man.

It used to be thought that music was unlike the other arts, such as painting and poetry, because it could not imitate or give illustrations of material objects. This is not true and is easily seen when we think of the dawn in the "Peer Gynt Suite", or even "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" in which material objects are imitated by association with the music. What music cannot do is to make a rational statement about an object. You cannot say, for instance, "This is my brother" or "He passed his examination." This is quite apparent when we remember that these statements are connected with neither the spiritual nor the sensuous. But, however, if a man desired to express his feelings about the sunset, music would be an ideal language. Thus we see why music is a universal language, since it is independent of words and describes the internal and not the external part of man. Music is the purest language of the human spirit, and is able to express every shade and degree of feeling in our

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NEVER LATE-NEVER ABSENT, SENIOR DIVISION



NEVER LATE-NEVER ABSENT, JUNIOR DIVISION

Music

Continued from Page 22
 hearts, every fantasy of our minds, and every mood of our spirit.

There are two main types of music. The first type is music in which the main idea is the beauty of expression and sound; in other words, music for music's sake. The other type, which seems to be more popular among modern composers, is the so-called programme music. Programme music is music which must be explained, as to the theme or story, in the programme in order to understand and appreciate it more fully. There is some controversy at times as to which is the better type, but both seem destined to remain.

There are two real tests for a good piece of music. The individual test is simple. If a piece of music sounds better, clearer, more understandable, and more enjoyable to you every time you hear it, no matter how many times, then you may consider it "real" music. Another good test is the test of time. Any piece of music which is still popular after at least one generation may be considered classical music. It is a curious fact that many overtures to operas have lived long after the operas themselves have died a natural death. The popular "William Tell" overture is a good example of this. "Jazz," which is merely variations of negro dance rhythm, cannot be considered classical music since it usually fails to withstand the aforementioned tests.

The orchestra of a hundred and fifty years ago was small and burdened with crude instruments. Since then, there has been a great development in the perfecting of musical instruments by new inventions. For example, the use of valves has made

the trumpet a much better instrument, and the use of new percussion instruments, such as chimes, has added much to the expression, colour, and beauty of the music. The orchestra has grown until today a full orchestra contains nearly one hundred players. In 1754, at the Dresden Opera House, the orchestra contained forty-five instruments, and in 1931, at the Covent Garden Opera House, the orchestra contained one hundred and twenty-seven instruments.

In former days most of the music was enjoyed only by the rich people who could afford to employ musicians to play for them. Today, through our modern inventions and the increased number of orchestras, the music of the past has become a rich heritage which is being utilized to full advantage by the ever-increasing mass of music lovers throughout the world.

Most of the prejudice against classical music today can be ascribed, not to apathy, but mostly to ignorance and lack of understanding. To get the most out of music, one must attempt to understand it and feel it as the composer felt it and meant it to be felt. A piece of music is an emotional experience for the composer, the interpreter, and the listener. During the period of adolescence, musical appreciation can best be developed. It is therefore necessary to put more energy into the musical education of our youth in order to produce a nation of music lovers.

Music is a living, vibrant, beautiful language that is continually changing and improving in form and expression. It is the universal language of emotion, of feeling, of mankind. Its path of greatness lies in the future.

J. LEBOVITCH, Sr.

The Longest Trip I Ever Made

The longest trip I ever made was from coast to coast in Canada and the United States. Although I travelled by automobile, bus, train, steamship and aeroplane, the conveyance I enjoyed most of all was the aeroplane.

After my Dad and I had travelled about in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick by automobile, we drove to Montreal and then proceeded to Boston by train. In Boston we visited all the historic places including the site of the Battle of Bunker's Hill and the home of Paul Revere of the famous ride. Our trip outside Boston to see the famous Wayside Inn which Longfellow tells

us about and the little red schoolhouse where Mary's lamb followed her to school were highlights to be remembered. Across the Charles River is Harvard University and I felt rather learned as I tramped about its campus.

Albany, the capital of the state of New York, was followed by New York city itself. We got a view of this great city from the top of the Empire State Building and in this building I made a special broadcast. However, it was Radio City that appealed to me and I was fortunate to get an engagement to sing with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra

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Poetry

TWILIGHT

In the fading hours of twilight
When the world is fast asleep,
And birds retreat to their happy nests
And murmur their last small peep;
When the brook has ceased its babbling
And chattering squirrels decline,
And whip-poor-wills bend the lacy boughs
O'er the soft green carpet of pine;
When the owl sits on the tree-top
And hoots the whole night through,
And busy bees stop humming about
And the night begins anew:
Then out of the deep dark hollow,
With the beat of a buttercup drum,
Come the little brown and green elf folks
From the land of the setting sun.

EDITH LYNCH, C4.

"SPRINGTIME"

Some folks like only autumn with its gaily coloured leaves,
And other folks like winter when your toes and fingers freeze;
Some folks like the summer when around they can lazily lie,
But I like the bright springtime with its clear and azure sky.

Springtime is the birth of all the new and different things,
Little birds leave mother's nests and try their tiny wings;
Flowers that sleep all winter awaken and start to sprout,
And all the world around us knows that Springtime is about.

Nature makes her large domain look bright with pretty greens,
And poets all about the land at the beauty start to dream;
And I—not talented as those—try in my own poor way,
To voice the things I see in Nature ere they pass away.

And so for those who love the autumn's bright and gaudy colour,
Who love cold winter with its frost and snowy velvet cover;
And those who treasure all the warm and lazy summer weather,
Can keep them all, if only I can have my Spring forever.

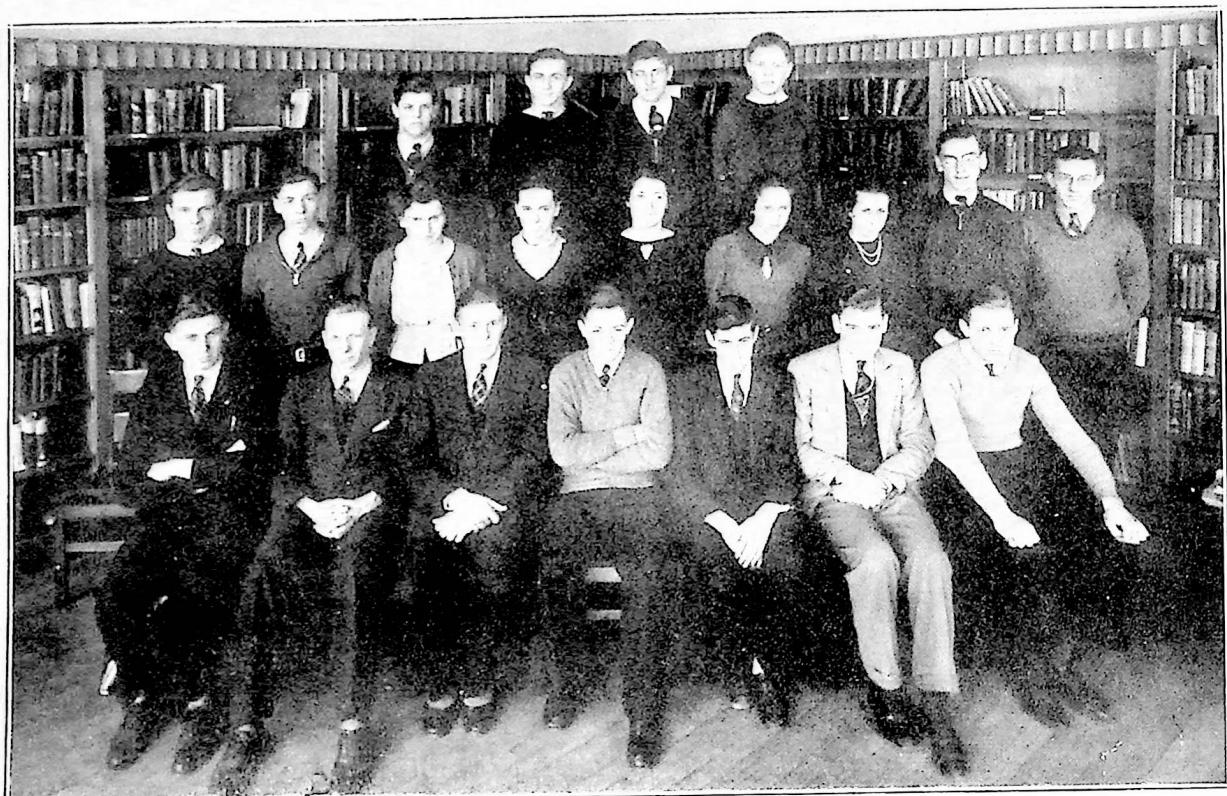
BEATRICE EXLEY, D3.

PERIOD

The Editor seems to think that I Should write a poem or maybe try To make it better—or even worse Than has ever been done before in verse; But though I struggle with my brain, Unfruitful still is all the strain; I just can't think up something new— So what the heck's a guy to do! Browning, Scott and other men Earned their living with their pen; Kipling, Masefield, Shakespeare, Keats, All performed poetic feats; They wrote of spring, of birds and trees, Of love and life, and honey bees; Rivers, blacksmiths, bubbling brooks, Have all been written up in books; For poets write of this and that, (One wrote of Casey at the bat!) They write of battles won and lost, And men who counted not the cost; They've honoured sundry maidens who Told sundry villains what to do; They've mentioned heroes and their deeds, And told us what this poor world needs; Kings and princes, vassal, slave, Hill and glen and ocean wave, Mountains, valleys, clouds on high, Sun and moon and stars and sky— Everything, somewhere, sometime, Has been written of in rhyme! Thus it is without a doubt There's nothing left to write about!

STAN. CASTLE, B1.

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D1—From left to right: *Back Row:* R. Smith, W. Golba, J. Pirie, B. McMurray. *Middle Row:* J. Brown, E. Barnhart, N. Dawson, J. Miller, M. Cunningham, D. Burrell, A. Couchan, R. Hynes, Z. Kish. *Front Row:* R. McKay, J. Morgan, Mr. Day, R. Feggans, A. Normally, G. Agnew, D. Dolman.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL
Rae Sebire, President



YVONNE DE PELHAM, C5

The year marches by—and the graduating classes leave us. Others will fill their places. We say fill but they cannot quite fill them. Our graduates may go but they leave behind them some impression of their character. Each one has helped to build up this great edifice of industry, integrity, and service which the Central High School of Commerce represents.

With a large attendance of friends and parents, the annual Commencement Exercises were held in the gymnasium of the school. Of great interest was the report of Mr. Oates in which he held forth great hopes for the future. After the programme the students held an informal dance in the boys' gym while the members of the Staff were at home to the members of the Board of Education and their wives in the library.

In this the second year of the Alumni Association we are still striving to bring together our graduates. The membership has increased greatly and we are looking forward to even greater success in the future.

On October 27th, 1937, the Annual Banquet and Installation of Officers was held in Robert's Cabaret. The Rev. Mr. Pike gave a very interesting talk on "New Canadians." Dancing to Jimmy McVinnie and his orchestra completed a very enjoyable evening.

The Officers elected were as follows:

Alice Day, President; James Aird, Vice-Presi-

ALUMNI

dent; Committee: '32-33, Harold Tabb and Sam Mostacci; '33-34, Agnes McDaid and George Houting; '34-35, Florence Roadhouse and Everett Lampman; '35-36, Elwin McCarthy and Phyllis Cooper; '36-37, Mary Walker and John Brown.

As our Graduates go out into the world to take their places among the business men and women, we wish them success. In their hands lies the power to keep up the reputation earned by the former graduates of "Commerce."

Many of our former companions are now busy in the various offices and stores throughout the city. The following tells who our last year graduates are and where they are working:

Fourth Year Diplomas in the Stenography Option

Winnifred Barnes, D. A. office at Eaton's; Evelyn Blackmore, Wood, Alexander & James; Ina Brown, Cody's Arcade as a saleswoman; Bernadine Gent, Cody's Arcade as a saleswoman; Winnifred Madden, Spratt's Insurance office; Marjorie Marshall, City Hall office; Marjorie McKie, Green's Furniture office; Lois McMullen, Credit Bureau; Mildred Morton, Imperial Life office; Beatrice Pitt, Acme Farmers' Dairy office; Edna Pitt, Fowler's Canadian office; Elizabeth Scott, Capo office; Ann Swick, Eaton's office; Lena Trevaskis, Westinghouse factory; Ethel Turner, Chadwick office; Mary Walker, Board of Education, office; Frances Crosby, moved to Welland; Beatrice Prudence, at home; Thelma Roughhead, Business College; Noreen Earith, at home; Sara Infurnari, at home.

Bookkeeping Option

Leonard Burke, Johnson Cap office; John Carter, Steel Company office; William Laing, Christie Brown office, Toronto; Stanley Powell, Steel Company office; Miriam Laine, at home; Edward Skelton, at school.

*One Year Special Diplomas in the Stenography
Option*

Ada Davidson, Mewburn, Marshall & Jeffress office; Ola Farar, National Hosiery office; Margaret Ferguson, Haliday office; Mary Kirkendale, Canada Life office, Toronto; Mary Olynchuck, Ward Aid, St. Joseph's Hospital; Janet Sidorkiewicz, Reid Press office; Dorothy Woolley, Selling; Sara Ellenzweig, Business College; Jean Nicholson, at school; Wilma Steele, at school; Anita Skudwick, at school; Alice Townsend, MacDonald Hall, Guelph; Catherine Young, at school; Ann Beasley, at home; Edith Bryant, at home; Jessie MacPhail, at home; Barbara West, at home; Frances Worral, at home; Audrey Cheeseman.

*One Year Special Diplomas in
Bookkeeping Option*

John Bond, clerking in a store; Leo Monte, delivering; Thomas Morrison, Grant Cartage office; Bernard Slavin, working at his father's office; John Smith, Clair Smith office; William Hodgson, at home; John Meiler, at home.

The following students have left school during the past year and are now working:

Hugh Burtsch, Remington Rand; Michael Hollo, Ingersoll's Machine Shop; Alex Maddock, Westinghouse office; Andrew Merrilees, Russel T. Kelly Advertising Agency; Gordon Tyre, working; Joseph Stempski, working; Norma Bridgewood, working; Norma Grey, Westinghouse office; Sarah Silver, salesgirl; Helen Durling, Bray Chick Hatchery office; Dorothy Ashworth, Westinghouse office; Gayle Galloway, Bray

A GREENHORN

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He took a quick look backwards and with deadly fear gripping his palpitating heart, he observed a leaden seam being sewn up his fuselage from the eperrage to the head rest directly behind him. His training stood him in good stead, because instinctively he pushed his joystick to his instrument panel, sending the Spad careening toward the earth below.

Slapping the throttle wide open to feed the sobbing Hesso more gas, he yanked the joystick to his stomach. The nose began to point to the sky and the trim fighting 'plane climbed into the heavens to meet its aggressive foe.

In the distance he espied some ships sporting the Allied cockades on wings and fuselages. Rather than suffer ignominy in the eyes of his squadron mates, he redoubled his efforts. Both ships were now flying directly together, but Bob stuck grimly to his course, cold sweat breaking on his brow.

Chick Hatchery office; Agnes Matthews, bakery; Marjorie Atkinson, Westinghouse office; Vernon Smart, at Porritts & Spencer; Phyllis Phillips, Kresge's; Thelma Burdett, Robinson's office; Alice Roughley, working; Kathleen Murphy, working in bakery; Irene Goddard, Tiger Parcel Delivery, office; Marion Ball, Hill Bakery office; Dorothy Smith, Hill Bakery office; Murray Warwick, American Can office; Ethel Turner, Chadwick office; Bertha Riddiough, Moodie's factory; Marion Galloway, office of Aitchen Advertising; Anne Norris, Hyatt Jumbo Product office; Florence Murray, Ferrie Coal office; Doris Bennett, at Eaton's; Doris Hutton, Russel T. Kelly, office; Alice Wagstaffe, Hart & Lyne office; Helen Walker, Eaton's office; Jean McEnnery, at Eaton's; Lily Green, Bray Chick Hatchery office; Margaret Livingston, Jackson Horseshoe Co. office; George Widdup, in St. Thomas; Shirley Ellis, in St. Thomas; Mary Mackenzie, in Toronto; Dorothy Franklin, in England; Gertrude Pickett, in Toronto; Audrey Book, at Business College; Frances Cosley, in Welland.

The following are ladies of leisure at home:

Gladys Verity, Constance Midgley, Bernice Weston, Patricia Davidson, Eileen Baskett, Hedwig Sidorkiewicz, Eleanore Sparling, Aileen Serebridge, Glora Garshaw, Valerie Johnson, Dorothy Keyes, Marjorie Laxton, Florence Keyon, Mary McLeod, Stella Miche, Thelma Moore, Marguerite Nunziato, Jane Spinks, Betty Scott, Isabel Ness, Ruth Smith, Elsie Green and Margaret Hardcastle.

MAKES GOOD

At the last possible moment the German's nerve snapped, and he dived beneath Bob's ship.

Feeding the straining motor gas he threw the Spad into a loop, and came bearing down upon the Fokker with his Vickers hosing it with two streams of leaden death from flippers to spinner cap. The Hun pilot jumped convulsively in his cockpit, then slumped over the controls. The pressure of his dead body sent the doomed Fokker into a screaming power dive.

Smoke and flame belched from the engine and licked hungrily at the spars, fabric and the dead airman. With flames enveloping the stricken ship, converting it into a funeral pyre, Bob's victory was complete in the eyes of his comrades. With his flight mates surrounding him, he flew in triumph to his drome to have the figure "one" chalked up for the figure of one who had gone down.

In an Italian Vacation Camp

As the train chug-chugged into the stream-lined station fifty miles west of Rome, sounds of singing reached us. After we filed out, we discovered that the source of the music was about two hundred girls dressed in the uniform of the Young Fascists. They escorted us to the villa, our destination, singing all the way.

The huge rambling white building, set back among orange and spruce trees, did not present a picture of what I had imagined a camp to be like. A high stone fence surrounded the grounds, and at different places on the lawn were sphinx and monuments. Near the gate was a lodge where the servants lived. Stretched out under towering maples and oaks were five long tables which several nuns were setting for supper. The table cloths were made of pretty coloured linen, and from the heavy china dishes and tin cutlery to the thick tumblers, everything was spotlessly clean. The tables, flanked on the Colony House, as the villa was called, and the graceful movements of the nuns to and from the back kitchens lent to the scene a peaceful restfulness.

We marched into the huge main hall, where the dean of the colony delivered the welcoming speech. She told us that she wished us to have a good time, and that while we were enjoying ourselves, we would let the glorious sun of Italy burn a love for the Motherland of our parents into our hearts.

Soon we were on our way upstairs, where, after a refreshing bath, we changed into the cool play uniforms. The teacher assigned to the Canada Group gave us the instructions necessary. Each girl was allotted a bed, a night table, and towels. What had I heard of camp life? I had always thought that it meant roughing it in the open, having as wonderful a time as possible, with all the comforts of home lacking. Here we were in a so-called camp, where the beds were the most modern I have ever seen, and the furnishings of the dormitories were spotless and up-to-date.

Supper was served on the lawn tables. During

the meal, we discovered that the other girls came from Africa, Switzerland, Poland and other European countries. They, like us, were children of Italian parents. Later we proceeded to the great hall where we danced until bedtime.

The morning commenced with flag raising and prayers. Then we had breakfast, which consisted of coffee, milk, bread and marmalade. After breakfast, we walked to the beach which is along the Tyrenian Sea. Before we were allowed to go into the water, we had to lie on the sand for two hours, with our bodies smeared with cocoanut oil. A swimming instructor taught us to swim, and after spending fifteen minutes in the water, we went back to the villa for lunch.

In Italy the three hours following lunch are spent in the afternoon nap, or siesta, as it is called. Instead of sleeping, we used to write letters and enjoy ourselves playing games until the opening of a door heralded the approach of the teacher.

If we wished, we were allowed to go swimming again after the siesta. If we did this, we brought a picnic lunch and ate it on the sands after the swim. Usually we preferred to wander around the town which is an important seaport, as well as a resort.

Once, during our stay, we escorted a group of one hundred and fifty Albanian boys to a military camp nearby. On that occasion, we were dressed in our parade uniforms. Several great leaders in Italian politics, who visited the camp frequently, were present.

One of the greatest improvements made in Italy during the fifteen years of Mussolini's premiership is the provision made for Italian youth. Camps such as the one I have described are situated throughout Italy, and Italian children all over the world are invited to visit them. From the time we were awakened at eight in the morning until the retreat at night, the hours were spent in living the life necessary for would-be strong, healthy citizens of the world.

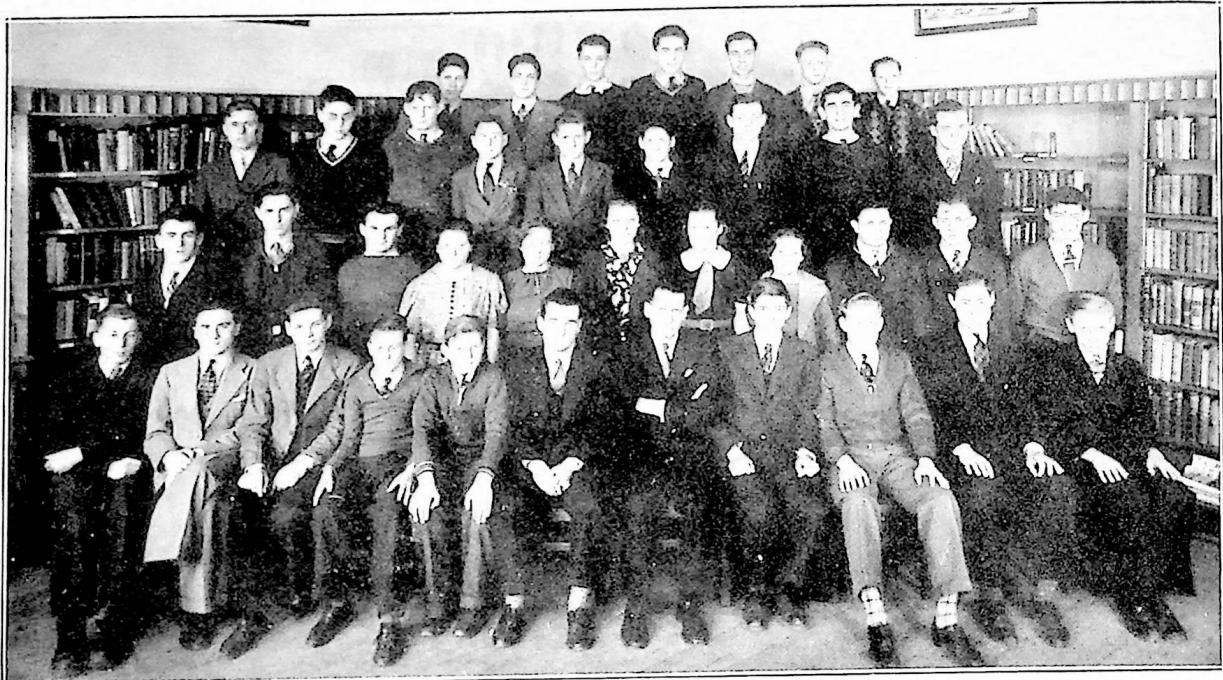
NIDA OLIVIERI, C.3.

East Versus West

*"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never
the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, border, nor
breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they
come from the end of the earth!"*

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C1—From left to right: *Back Row*: K. Tilbury, G. Shevel, G. Johnson, W. Baraza, R. Badger, R. Bennett, J. Waterfield. *Third Row*: W. Hill, R. Munn, C. Millihen, M. Schultz, R. Hawkins, B. Towers, L. Vollick, P. Love, L. Hall. *Second Row*: P. Burns, L. Berry, E. Steinberg, M. Doche, E. Cable, A. Debroski, I. Hanah, O. Smythe, J. Dominic, E. McMaster, J. Gibbs. *First Row*: N. Lihou, H. LeVan, H. Munt, F. Freckleton, R. Wilson, K. Johnston, Mr. Langford, W. Urlin, D. Angus, L. Beaty, E. Biggs.



THREE STAR NEVER LATE—NEVER ABSENT CLUB
For Three Continuous Years

Back Row—Betty Hayes, Roy Smith, Jane Johnson.
Front Row—Dorothy Smith, Audrey Couchan, Jean Reise, Ruth Waring.

Book Reviews

400 MILLION CUSTOMERS

In a most interesting book, "400 Million Customers", Carl Crow gives the reader an entirely different point of view on China—a country so vast, so fascinating, that one never tires of reading about it.

Although China has been his home for half a century, Mr. Crow is as keenly interested in the Chinese today as he was thrilled by his first rickshaw ride. Through his profession as an advertising and merchandising agent, the writer has come into close contact with the people, studying their character, history, and institutions. From the lowest coolie to the richest mandarin, he has found them to be "interesting, exasperating, puzzling, and almost always, lovable."

The old belief that chop suey is the "national dish of China" is forever dispelled. The truth of the matter is that chop suey is not a Chinese dish, and no Chinese ever eats it.

This book also deals with both the amusing and the serious side of the advertising business. In many instances, the reader will laugh heartily at some of the ridiculous situations into which the author gets.

From this sympathetic study, one obtains a new understanding of age-old China and its vast population.

MARGUERITE PERRY, D2.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN

In the Mediterranean, east of Spain, lies the island of Ibiza which forms the background for a dramatic story told by Elliot Paul, an American journalist. He lived on this island for several years, and it became to him, to use an Ibizencan phrase, "un poc pajes" (a little of my own country). In his book, the author describes the intimate life of a small town, Santa Eulalia, and through him the inhabitants become our friends—people who might have been our next door neighbours. We hear the barking of the mongrel dogs, the hammering of the busy carpenter, the "put-put" of the bus as it makes ready to start its daily run; we smell the familiar odour of cooking octopus. We come to know Quilermo, the blacksmith; Cosmi, the Republican

hotel keeper; Plate, the fisherman; and all the others. We laugh with them and later we mourn with them.

When trouble starts in Spain nad Generalissimo Francisco Franco begins a civil war, Elliott Paul, quite unprepared for any such grim disaster, has just returned to the island from his vacation, four days before the war breaks out. With him, we live through the tense, vivid moments of the bombing of the town; we suffer with the men who faced the firing squad; and we feel the injustice of it all. In his story, Elliott Paul tells us with which side he is in favour; it is the side of the Loyalists. This story which starts out so pleasantly ends in the grim realities of war. Someone has truly said, "It is a monument of the imbecility of war."

One can perhaps get a good idea of Elliott Paul's style of writing from this comment that appeared in the Springfield Republican:

"The writing technic is, for the purpose, especially effective. In the early chapters, in keeping with the slow moving life of the island, the author writes in a leisurely style, halting frequently for comment on some oddity or quaint bit of humour. Once the story reaches the actual state of war, the mood changes. Sentences become clipped and emphatic to chronicle the rapidly moving march of events."

BEATRICE EXLEY, D3.

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING

According to Maurice O'Sullivan, there are four stages in a man's life—twenty years a-growing, twenty years in blossom, twenty years a-stooping and twenty years declining.

The author's unique autobiography of the first stage of his life is realistic, and one can easily become so lost in his adventures and escapades as to imagine he has lived on the island as one of Sullivan's companions. The reader learns the customs, pleasures and duties in the lives of the Islanders, and every new chapter assures him of amusement and emotion still to come.

This Irish lad was born in the Great Blasket, a small island off the Kerry Coast, in the extreme southwest corner of Ireland. Following his mother's death, he spent his first school days in the town

of Dingle, but was re-united with his family while still very young.

The war offered diversion from the daily tasks, and brought news and excitement from the outside world. But it also marked the beginning of the ruin of the island, and, with the dawning conviction that the time was coming when it would be practically impossible to make a living on it, the younger generation reluctantly sought to find a place outside the little island known as "home."

Maurice remained on the island with his father and grandfather long after his brothers, sisters, and friends had left, but finally he made his way to Dublin where he served several eventful years in the Civil Guard.

In the concluding chapter, the author gives an account of the return to his old home, where we leave him at the close of the first stage of his life.

RAE SEBIRE, D2.

HISTORY SPEAKS

In a graphic and interesting manner, John Kannawin, radio columnist, relates events of worldwide interest. He takes us all over the globe in his narratives, but the Canadian events which he describes are of special significance.

The stories contained in the book, "History Speaks," are based on a presentation of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. These programmes, entitled "This Week in History," were recently featured on Canada's National Radio Network for twelve months.

Especially interesting is the account of the Halifax disaster in which the author vividly describes the collision between the two boats, the "Imo" and the "Mont Blanc". On December 6, a French vessel was making her way into Halifax Harbour. This was the "Mont Blanc", a munition ship loaded with a cargo of explosives. As her pilot was carefully guiding her up the east shore, he sighted another ship, the "Imo", coming in direct line. Frantically the pilots blasted their sirens, but the messages were misunderstood. Directly opposite Richmond's pier, both pilots rang for reversed engines, but it was too late to avoid disaster. The author's account of what happened when the two ships collided, should be of interest to every Canadian.

Mr. Kannawin by no means confines himself to the telling of this rather sad type of story. Inter-

esting accounts are given of the life of Louis Pasteur, the father of bacteriology, and of Florence Nightingale, the lady with the lamp.

OLIVE HENNIKER, D2.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

In reviewing this book by Kenneth Roberts, the celebrated American author of historical romances, it is difficult to find words of praise high enough. It is, indeed, the most interesting book that I have ever read.

The story tells of the life of Langdon Towne, the son of a rough New Englander, who has been expelled from Harvard University in the year 1759, for a harmless prank. He does not like farm life, and has aspirations to become an artist, an almost unheard-of occupation in British North America. When he gets into a brawl in Kittery, his home town, he is placed in the care of Robert Roger's Rangers, a famous regiment of American-born bush soldiers. On his first day in the Rangers, he is sent with the force to attempt to capture St. Francis, a former British fort now held by the French.

The sufferings that these Rangers have to endure on the way, are almost unbelievable. They take St. Francis in a blaze of glory, but are pursued by a superior force of French soldiers. On the way back, they encounter hardships that we, in this day and age, find it hard even to imagine. However, finally they reach safety, (not human beings), but as a group of living skeletons. It is during this march that we get one of the best character studies ever printed in the English language—that of Major Robert Rogers.

After he has recuperated from starvation, Langdon returns to his home town with several paintings that he has made on his travels with the Rangers. His art work is discouraged by both the girl he loves, Elizabeth Browne, and her father; but he is encouraged to go to England and study pastel by an artist friend of his. He decides not to, until he learns that during his absence from town, Major Rogers has arrived, and Elizabeth and the Major have fallen in love and plan to be married.

On learning this tragic news, Langdon goes to London, where, after four years, he is recognized as a successful artist. During his last year in London, Major Rogers also comes there to write a book

Continued on Page 51

Boys ATHLETICS



BERT M. KAPLANSKY, B2.

Prologue:

A reproduction of the film, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—Snow White Commerce and her six sports staring Football, Hockey, Track, Water Polo, Basketball, Intermural Sports.

Under the able guidance of our new physical director, Mr. McWhirter, the athletics at Commerce has played a prominent part in all phases. Organizing athletics is no easy task for any man when he has only about two hundred boys to choose from.

Commerce is gradually taking her place in the laurels of the athletic world. In the future it is hoped that all boys interested in any part of athletics played in the school will kindly turn out when called for.

Here is wishing that the blue and white may continue their success in the future.

Thanks to Peter Burns for assisting in the arrangement in this department.

Intramural Athletics

With ninety per cent of the boys total enrollment taking an active part in athletics, the intramural programme is being run off successfully. The games are played either in the P. T. periods or at noon. There are three separate classes, Junior, Intermediate and Senior. The following games have already been run off and resulted as follows:

Touch Rugby

With seventy boys making up ten teams, the Junior winner was Elley's team of A1.

In the Intermediate division there were 75 boys making up eight teams in which Hale's team of B2 were victorious.

Burn's team of C1 won the Senior Division from five other teams which were made up of forty-eight boys.

Foul Shooting

Carried on in the P. T. periods ended with Don. Bullock winning the Junior section. Keith Sarkisian won the Intermediate and Richard Hynes won the Senior division.

Horseshoes

The horseshoes were pitched behind the school and from those taking part Wm. Hooker proved superior in the Junior section, Jas. Pearson was the Intermediate winner and George Johnson was the Senior winner.

Ping Pong

This was played in the boy's cafeteria at noon and at four. There was no definite league therefore no winner was chosen.

Basketball

Out of seventy boys in the first form playing, Ireland's team of A1 won the Junior Champion-



BASKETBALL

Left to right—*Back Row:* Bert Kaplansky (Manager), Fred Butland, Jack Carrigan, Fred Augusztiny, Lloyd Berry, Bill Baraza, Mr. McWhirter (coach), *Front Row:* Peter Burns (Captain), Roy Freckleton, Gord Nixon, Albert Yakmalian, Ken Forsyth.



WATER POLO

Left to right—*Back Row:* Mr. McWhirter (coach), Bill Levy, Alex McLeish, Fred Augusztiny, Keith Sarkisian, Tom Yakemetz. *Front Row:* John Hale, Jack Carrigan, George Miller, Dave Moffat. H. Green is absent from the water polo picture.

ship. Hale's team, B1 won the Intermediate Championship from seventy boys in that division. The Senior crown was won by Burns' team of C1.

As the magazine goes to press the Floor Hockey League is at its height. Ice hockey was held at Scott Park where we obtained the ice for a number of games. No winner was decided as no definite league was established. There remains to be played in the Intramural programme the following: Volley Ball, Softball and Swimming. If time and accommodations permit, golf and tennis will be included on the list.

Intramural sports create a better feeling of sportsmanship among the boys. It teaches them to play clean and fair, which is symbolic of our school. Where are you, boys? Come out and support your class teams and enjoy the fun. It's provided for your sake. Why not support it?

Rugby

The fall of 1937 found the Commerce Rugby team entered in the Niagara Peninsula League. The league included Grimsby, Saltfleet and Commerce. Never in the history of the Niagara Peninsula has there ever been such close competition, or such startling outcomes in any High School League.

Saltfleet vs. Commerce

With the blow of the whistle, Commerce kicked off to the light and shifty Saltfleet team. In the first half the Saltfleet team pounced on the loose ball just five yards from the goal line and with a series of plunges went over the line for the touch-down. Thus the half ended in a 5 to 0 score for the farm lads. Burns, quarter-backing his first game, worked the boys into a scoring position on five different occasions. On each occasion the team scored a point. When the final whistle blew the score was tied 5 to 5.

Commerce vs. Grimsby

Mud, mud, mud and more mud. Do you get the idea? There was plenty of mud as Commerce went out on the muddy Grimsby campus to pound away on the heavy formidable gridiron stars of Grimsby. The game was a slow, sloppy affair owing to the uncontrollable condition of the field. In the last few moments of play, Big Vern Smart blocked a kick which Burns managed to

run out and save the Grimsby team from scoring. The final score, however, was 1 to 1.

Commerce vs. Saltfleet

Right with the whistle the Commerce team clicked and went to town. With renewed confidence the combinations of Johnny Horsley, H. Green on the end runs, Hale, Buchanan behind the kicks, and the line working like a well-oiled machine brought Commerce to the front in a 14 to 0 victory.

Final Game—Commerce vs. Grimsby

Before the largest turn-out of the season, Commerce bowed to the heavy, husky Grimsby team. Overwhelmed by their recent victory over Saltfleet, the home team had to be whipped down to a tired group of rugby players by the heavy, determined plunging of the Grimsby squad. Gradually the Grimsby team worked up a three point lead which they held until the final whistle.

Stars of the Commercial Gridiron

JOHN DOMINIC: John was the most valuable player in the team this year. His superb plunging, tackling, interference on end runs won him the respect of opposing players.

HAROLD GREEN: Harold is a stalwart half-back. He blocked and tackled his way into the spotlight and approving eyes of the coach, Mr. Gordie Price.

VERN SMART was not nicknamed Big Stoop for the pleasure of being razed. He earned the title by slapping, hacking and punching his way into enemy territory and smashing their well-planned plays.

JOHN HALE was a general all-round player. He was a strong kicker and could take charge of the team and put them through their paces on the chalk-lined field.

LLOYD STEWART who was flying wing showed great speed in getting down the high kicks to make flying tackles at the opposing half backs.

PETER BURNS began his first season of organized rugby by ably quarter-backing the school team and running back the enemies' kicks for good distances from behind his own goal line.

JOHNNY HORSLEY, speedy half back, carried many an end run for good gains. This was also Johnny's first season at High School rugby.

JACK CLINE, snap, and the Johnston boys, Bern and Ken, ably held their allotted positions and deserve the credit due to them.

J. ADAMSON, V. RICHARDSON, H. MURRAY, W. DREW, R. IRELAND, and J. BUCHANAN when called upon, filled the regular positions on the field like veterans.

Owing to injuries and last-minute reporting Bud Windsor, D. Angus, L. Vollick, J. Brown, Bert. Kaplansky were always on hand at Mr. Price's command to put on a uniform.

Gord Nixon and H. Bothen acted as water-boy and manager respectively.

This year Mr. Gordie Price, a teacher of the staff, took over the football team. Mr. Price in his school days was quite an athlete and piloted many teams to victory. He knows his rugby from A to Z and that covers a lot of territory. Of course, you all know that "Rome wasn't built in a day", the same thing applies to rugby. A good rugby team is not built in a day. Each year graduation leaves a large dint in the framework of a football team. When there are only a few boys to pick from, it is a very hard task to pick a first-rate team. However, Mr. Price worked hard and with the assistance of Mr. McWhirter, he managed to scrape together enough material to produce a team that went right

ahead into the league finals. Mr. Price was a regular fellow with the boys and they are looking forward to the championship next season under his guiding hand.

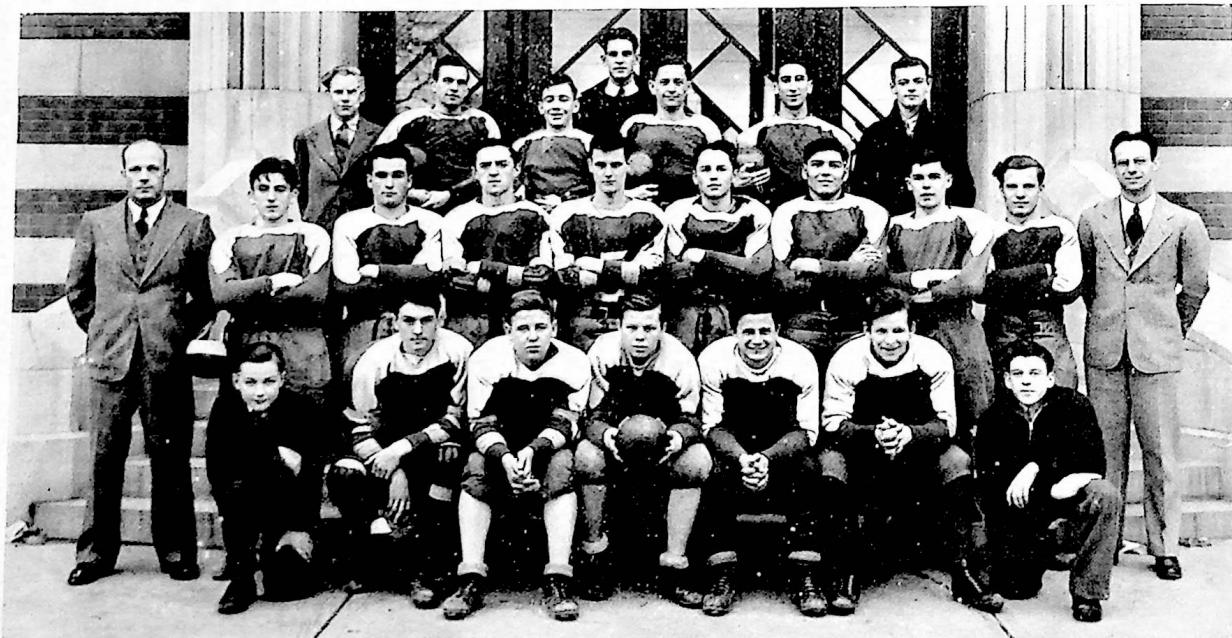
Basketball

Graduation stole everyone of last year's championship team with the exception of one, Peter Burns. The vacancies were filled by a group of young students, who, under the guidance of Mr. McWhirter, showed definite superiority to the majority of teams in the high school league. This year Commerce had to enter the Junior Inter-Scholastic League, owing to the fact that there were not enough students to form a senior team.

True to their playing ability Commerce worked up to the finals, only to be defeated in a very close series against Cathedral High.

Team Personnel

BILL BARAZA—Bill filled the centre position in great fashion. In the semi-final game, in the Central gym against Delta, Bill proved to be high scorer by getting 10 points.



RUGBY TEAM

Back Row, left to right—D. Angus, W. Drew, G. Cline, B. Johnston, B. Kaplansky, A. Vollick.

Second Row—Mr. D. McWhirter, Physical Instructor; P. Burns, K. Johnston, J. Hale, K. Buchanan, H. Murray, H. Green, J. Horsely, J. Brown, Mr. G. Price, Coach.

Front Row—G. Nixon, R. Ireland, J. Adamson, V. Richardson, J. Dominic, L. Stewart, H. Bothen.

FRED BUTLAND—Fred played the left wing position in a style of his own. Fred being left-handed was able to sink many tricky left-hand shots.

JACK CARRIGAN—Jack took the position of right wing. Jack's play was to take long shots at the enemies' basket. He could always manage to check his man ably.

KEN. FORSYTH—Ken very ably fulfilled his position of right guard. It was very seldom that Ken would allow the ball to pass him.

PETER BURNS—Captain and right guard. Pete was always in the thick of the play. He was high scorer when Cathedral came to Commerce in the first game of the finals. Pete could always manage to work the ball into the basket at most difficult times.

FRED AUGUSTINY—Centre. Fred's favourite pastime was to get put out of the game for four personal fouls. He always found the ball in his hands after a fierce struggle after it had rebounded from the blackboard.

LLOYD BERRY—He held down the position of right guard. Although Lloyd did not play much of the season, his work always proved to be useful.

GORD NIXON is a small but capable ball-handler. Although Gord. did not have many shots at the basket the ones he did shoot tallied.

ROY FRECKLETON—Roy proved to be a small, tricky, efficient player. He was not hindered by his height and managed to be all over the floor at the right time.

ALBERT YAKMALIAN—He did not play very much but he proved to be very capable when called to play for the squad. Albert had a deadly shot.

Thanks are due to Mr. McWhirter for his coaching and also to B. Kaplansky who managed the team.

Water Polo

Water Polo this year must have reached its climax. For the third successive year the Commerce team reached the playoffs and played in the final game for the city championship. This year will go down in Commerce's history as having the greatest team yet. By means of a strict training period Coach McWhirter taught the boys enough about the game that throughout the league Commerce outplayed all teams in the league. In the final game after a minute of play Kelly of Cathedral put the ball in the net. When the half was

about to end Augustiny of Commerce scored to end the half in a tie 1 to 1. While Commerce suffered a penalty in the last part of the game, the Gaels scored one more and that gave them the game 2 to 1.

Throughout the season the forward line of Jack Carrigan, Alex. McLeish and Fred Augustiny proved to be to speedy and tricky for most of the teams. The defence combination of Keith Sarkisian and Tom Yakemetz were a hard pair to try and pass. Harold Green played the part of rover in a style of his own. John Hale managed the net and showed the fellows how a net is minded. It was not very often that the ball passed him. George Miller, Dave Moffat and Bill Levy were always on hand when called upon to give aid in the game. The team is greatly indebted to Mr. McWhirter who coached them through the season and their many victories.

Scores:

Commerce 2, Cathedral 2.
Commerce 2, Tech 0.
Commerce 5, Delta 2.
Commerce 5, Central 0.
Commerce 4, Cathedral 1.
Commerce 2, Tech 0.
Commerce 3, Delta 0.
Commerce 1, Central 1.

Final:

Commerce 1, Cathedral 2.

Track

Last June, just before the summer vacation set in, five boys representing our school in the Ontario District Championship fared well. All five of them were point scorers for Commerce. In the junior events Fred Butland won the pole vault and placed second in the high jump. In the meantime his team-mate, Bill McLea, devoted his time to the cinder path and placed second in the 220 in a very close finish. In the broad jump Albert Yakmalian counted the score by taking second place and also by placing third in the hop, step and jump. In the intermediate section Stewart Bard added up the points by winning the hop, step and jump while his team-mate, Hugh Burtsch, won the pole vault. This year again the track team will seek new laurels for the blue and white. At present the team of Walter Quinn, Bill McLee, Jom Mosher, Fred Butland, Bert Kaplansky are busy training in the armouries for the coming indoor meet.

Field Day

With the largest entry in the history of the school, many close finishes were provided and many new records were established. It was the coldest, windiest and dampest day of the year as nearly 200 boys were listed on the mammoth card and with such spirited competition Keith Sarkisian broke the Senior shot up record, Horsely broke the Senior broad jump record and B. Kaplansky broke the Senior 440 yard record. The Intermediate record for the 100 yards was broken by Bill McLea, while J. Buchanan broke the Intermediate shot put record.

Out of the maze of events came Bert Kaplansky, sturdy all-round athlete, to lead the Senior section, while big Bruce McMurray overruled the Intermediate division and Husky Albert Yakmalian looked after the Junior division.

The races were close despite the heavy headwind. The afternoon was a huge success due to the staff, Mr. Oates and Mr. McWhirter. The pupils are greatly indebted to these people and express their sincere thanks.

Hockey

1937 found the interscholastic hockey league back on the road to recovery. This year the hockey league was sponsored by the City Interscholastic Union.

Early in the season Commerce journeyed to Grimsby to play Saltfleet. The boys had no pads and failed to make much impression on the Saltfleet squad. Although the boys tried very hard, they met a defeat of 4 to 1.

The regular league games were held at the Hamilton Arena. In the opening game Commerce met Central and started off with a bang when they piled up a 4 to 1 victory over the Red and Black. John Hale and "Limelight" Richardson were to a great extent the boys responsible for the victory.

In the return game with Central, Hale was outstanding and became known as "one man team Hale." The final score ended in a 1 to 1 tie. All members of the team put up a strong fight.

The tie game with Central forced Commerce into the finals with that same team. J. Hale and J. Brown stood out for our team and the game ended in a 2 to 1 score for the Red and Black.

Thanks are due to Mr. Pugh, who looked after the business end of the games, and to Lloyd Wilson who ably managed the team. Mr. McWhirter looked after the coaching end of the work, with Sammy Restivo as trainer.

At each game the team lined up as follows:

Wings, Bill Forbes, Louis Skelton; centre, John Hale; defense, Lloyd Stewart, Jim Brown; goal, Vic "Limelight" Richardson; alternates, Ross Summerville, Dick Badger, Jack Cline, Vincent Pilon.



HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—B. Forbes, D. Badger, V. Richardson, J. Cline, D. Windsor, H. Green, L. Skelton.
Sitting—S. Restivo, V. Pilon, L. Stewart, S. Kudlats, J. Hale, J. Adamson, L. Wilson.



C2—From left to right: *Back Row*: M. Debacker, W. Beck, G. Verrity, H. Clayton, H. Durling, V. Hall, B. Westcott, R. Johnston, M. Wevill, E. Drywood. *Middle Row*: V. Ayliffe, B. Bridges, V. Orosy, J. Davidson, K. Waller, E. Miner, M. Grahawsky, A. Van Fleet, R. Oddie, M. Bearman, Z. Leaper. *Front Row*: J. MacKenzie, E. Parsons, D. Danks, H. Craig, D. Everett, Miss H. Lorraway, O. Fay, C. Rowley, E. Millar, E. Sheppard, D. Randles.



C3—From left to right: *Back Row*: L. Olyncuk, M. Lynuk, M. Corbett, A. Pearson, V. Dillon, M. Mackenzie, A. Rainvasser, A. Smith, M. Morrison, E. Infurnari. *Middle Row*: N. Berkes, M. McKinlay, G. May, O. Theobald, S. Zakrzewski, D. Rosier, E. Hughes, S. Cappins, M. McClung, N. Olivier, G. Cook, O. Darling. *Front Row*: N. Lockwood, H. Whitworth, E. Johnstone, J. Suggett, M. Schneider, Mr. J. W. Riseborough, I. Weichelt, B. Suttie, J. Galloway, V. Toll, M. Moore.

Exchanges

NORM. LIHOU, C.I.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

The Echoes, Peterborough Collegiate Institute and Vocational School, Peterborough, Ontario. Your magazine is of a high standard. Your poetry is excellent, and your illustrations are good.

Oracle, Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Woodstock, Ontario. Your cartooning and humour are exceptional. This is a well organized magazine. More exchanges would improve your contents.

The Bugle, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta. Your cover is attractive, and your humour is good. The magazine is well organized.

Tech Tatler, Danforth Technical School, Toronto, Ontario. Your illustrations and sketches are well done, but where is your exchange?

Argosy of Commerce, High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ontario. Your magazine is well organized, but why confine your pictures to the centre of your magazine?

The Review, London Central Collegiate Institute, London, Ontario. Your magazine is one of fine caliber. Your outstanding feature is again, "With Brush and Easel."

The Oracle, Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario. This is one of the finest magazines we have received. Your cover is outstanding in design and colour.

Lampadion, Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Ontario. A fine magazine. Improvement in your humour could be made by grouping it together.

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Bugle, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta. Your cover and headings of sections are attractive. Sport section good.

Oracle, Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Woodstock, Ontario. The illustrations in your magazine add greatly to its interest.

The Review, London Central Collegiate Institute, London, Ontario. The cover is clever. We might suggest that you keep your advertisements at the back.

Argosy of Commerce, High School of Commerce, Ottawa, Ontario. The department, World Events, is a novel and entertaining idea. Your Book Reviews, are also worthy of a great deal of attention.

A Reader, Lancaster, England. "It is with real admiration that I congratulate you and the staff of the High School of Commerce on the production of your school magazine."

List of Exchanges

"Vox Lycei"—Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa.

"The Cambridge Review"—Cambridge, Massachusetts.

"The Bugle"—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary.

"Blue and Gold"—Darjeeling, India.

"Greenock High School Magazine"—Greenock, Scotland.

"The Log"—Tasmania, Australia.

"The Plumtree School Magazine"—South Africa.

"Aliwal North High School Magazine"—South Africa.

"The Purple and Gold"—Princeton.

"Tech Tatler"—Danforth Technical School, Toronto.

"Kelvin Year Book"—Kelvin Technical School, Winnipeg.

"Lux Glebana"—Glebe Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.

"The Mitre"—Lennoxville, Quebec.

"The Oracle"—Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

"The Review"—Central Collegiate Institute, London.

"The Echoes"—Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School, Peterborough.

"The Scarboro Bluff"—Scarboro Collegiate, Toronto.

"Acta Collegii"—Collegiate Institute, Chatham, Ontario.

"Eastern Echo"—Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.

"Vox Lycei"—Central Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.

"Lampadion"—Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.

"Tech Sparks"—Technical Institute, Hamilton.

"Argosy of Commerce"—High School of Commerce, Ottawa.

"The Oracle"—Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Woodstock.

"Tech Talk"—Ottawa Technical School, Ottawa.

"Torpedo"—Central High School of Commerce, Toronto.



C4—*Front Row*—H. Rymal, C. Wilson, M. Davidson, Mr. G. A. Purdy, E. Lynch, J. Ashby, A. VanDusen, E. Wilde. *Second Row*—S. Stasuk, E. Shaver, J. Laverty, D. Sparks, L. Dougherty, E. Scop, M. Taylor, G. Tremaine, P. White. *Back Row*—A. Kinnaird, A. Milton, J. Bayliss, T. Harley, C. Ellis, M. Roszell.



C5—From left to right: *Back Row*: B. Bolus, N. Chorley, M. Wherry, D. Detar, L. Sidorkewitz, S. Nickolson, H. Venator, V. Stevens, G. Brunton. *Middle Row*: A. Craddock, G. Wescott, D. Clark, E. VanSickle, L. O'Connor, L. Widdup, V. Hoyle, D. Hawthorne, E. Parker, J. Boyko, M. Craig. *Front Row*: S. Mallar, B. Gordon, V. Hamburgh, V. Clute, Y. de Pelham, Miss Goode, A. Tedford, M. Tatarchuk, B. Dove, M. Alexander, M. Harrison.



BANNER CLASS, 1936-1937

TRUE SUCCESS

Continued from page 11

whiskers. Success is not a port of call on the stormy sea of life, but is, rather, the whole journey.

Success is composed of the unquenchable, ever-present desire to advance to some higher goal, the never-weakening urge to live your life as you know it should be lived, regardless of anyone or anything, and, most important of all, the resolve to put into every hour and minute of the day, whether in work or play, all that was asked of any man—YOUR BEST.

POETRY

Continued from Page 25

"THE ARGOSY"

"The Argosy" sailed my way today, across the silver sea,
With a cargo of wise and wonderful things,
heavily laden for me,
And I learned that "Commerce must lead the way
to peaks of great success,
While courtesy, cheerfulness, and truth pave the
road to happiness.

"The Argosy" sails are unfurled for ever, enduring
from age to age.
With greatest hope and fine endeavour, a glorious
heritage.

A. WALMSLEY.
(Lancaster, Eng.)

THE PUP'S STORY

I'm awful tired of bein' washed,
I hate the sight of soap,
An' when I see them gettin' towels
They wonder why I mope.
They love to scour, hour after hour,
For why I cannot see.
They're always washing somethin',
And most of the time it's me.

I'd like to be a turtle,
And live down in the mud,
I'd never have to take a bath
Or hear them yell, "Here, Bud,
Come on, old man, and get your rub,
You're black as black can be."
They're always washing somethin',
And most the time it's me.

M. FOSTER, A6.



EDITH LYNCH, C4.

During the present school year, the social functions are as prominent in the spotlight of activities as in previous years.

On November 19, a tea dance was held in the school gymnasium. The joyous throng danced their worries away to the melodious strains of Larry James and his Royal Swingsters. The new dances, "The Big Apple" and "Truckin'," were not forgotten by our dancing populous. Teachers mingled among the crowd and helped to make the first tea dance of the season a "boom" to the events which followed.

The second tea dance was held on January 27. To the delight of the crowd, Morgan Thomas and his orchestra presented the most popular swing tunes of the day. The members of the band chased blues away in our Commercial gymnasium as they presented their many famous selections.

On January 26, the "Sonja Henie's" of the school had their enjoyment at the arena. Although this was the first attempt at an ice-skating party, those present had a delightful time. The attendance was not up to the mark, but we hope that the next function will be better patronized.

The second annual Alumni At-Home was held on February 11 in the school gymnasium, with Norman Harris's orchestra in attendance. The hall, decorated with white ships set on a blue-papered background, provided a pleasant atmosphere for the graduates and their friends. There was a splendid turnout, with teachers and students renewing old acquaintances and making new ones.

During the year many classes have held theatre and sleighing parties. From rumours afloat, we are aware that everyone had an enjoyable time.

Thus our social activities draw to a close, but though the year is far advanced, we hear that the Social Committee has many surprises in store for us.

THIS YEAR'S HATS

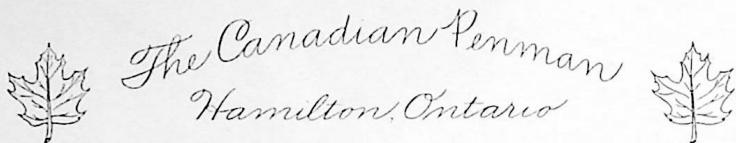
Ladies' hats as I can see
Belong in classes one, two and three,
Class one is plain and two is absurd,
And for the third there is no word.

Some are up and some are down,
And some of them haven't even a crown.
Some push in and some stick out,
And some have colours that fairly shout.

Some are round and some are flat
And some could be used for the front door mat.
Some have flowers and some have veils
Some have feathers and even veils.

But the queerest hat it seems to me
Was the one that looked like a Christmas tree.
It was green and red with a faint touch of blue,
And I'm sure it's the style that would just suit you.

JOYCE MARSHALL, B5.



The Canadian Penman
Hamilton, Ontario

Would you like to be a good writer?
Has the typewriter replaced penmanship?
Can anyone become a good writer?
How much practice is necessary?

Business has reached a high degree of efficiency. Many time and labour-saving devices and machines have been introduced. These have made penmanship more important rather than less. The use of the typewriter has set a high standard of neatness and accuracy in the keeping of records. The result is that business men are demanding the same standard in writing. Obviously, neat legible writing is more in demand now than it has ever been.

Good writing is an art—a skill. The stepping stones to any skill are ambition, persistency, and practice.

"How long does it take to become a good writer?" The answer is "How long does it take

to become a good pianist, a good tennis player, golfer, typist?"

"Can anyone become a good writer?" Anyone—the average—can. If they mastered the techniques of posture and penholding, and have the will to do it.

"How much practice?" Ask yourself the question, "How good would you like to be?" and "How soon do you want to get there?" To become an expert you must spend an unlimited amount of time in practice. To become "good" your path is a little easier, provided you are using the right technique, are thinking good writing all the time and are being very patient but persistent about the tricky little curves, angles and retraces, the reward of good penmanship will come to you sooner or later.

CLIFFORD WHITTINGTON—S1

Quit not until you become an expert.

JEAN ANDERSON—S2

Learning to write requires practice

ANNE MAKLIN—S2

Janerian is the mecca for penmen

INA HARLEY C4

Curious covered caravans came up.

GLADYS TREMAINE—C4

Curious covered caravans came up.

EUNICE WILDE—C4

Curious covered caravans came up

MARY MARCHUK—B8

Command the pen with ease and care

JEAN MURFIN—B8

Curious covered caravans came up

ANNA PLACKO—B8

Learn more than you can earn more

ISABELLE ALLAN—A4

The business man needs good writers

IRENE BEAMSLEY—A4

Learn more than you can earn more!

MAE DOLMAN—A5

The Dominion of Canada, Ottawa 1938
Any-
one who has a proper respect for
those who are to read his hand-
writing can usually write well
enough to make his or her writing
easily legible.

SUKOVITZ—B8

Anyone who has the proper re-
spect for those who are to read
his handwriting can usually write
well enough to make his writing
easily legible

**The
School
Magazine**



W. LEE
Business Manager

During the past ten years there has been a rapid growth in the number of school magazines published in Ontario. At the same time, issues of the larger collegiates and high schools have increased in size and attractiveness. That this development should continue through the difficult years of depression is remarkable. What values does a school magazine have to make this progress possible?

The first purpose of a school annual is to present a summary of the outstanding activities during the year for the enjoyment of the students and their parents. The work is usually undertaken by the magazine committee, organized by the students under the supervision of one or more of the teachers. The preparation of the reviews affords scores of young people an opportunity, probably for the first time, to show how well they can fit into the organization and complete with initiative and thoroughness the job assigned to them.

The students who have prepared stories, essays or poems for their year book and see their efforts in print for the first time feel justly proud. They are usually encouraged by this first success to continue their efforts. To many this is the starting point which arouses their interest in newspaper work and leads eventually to a successful career as a journalist.

At the High School of Commerce every student participates in athletic activities and those who are fortunate enough to be on one of the school teams appreciate having their records remembered.

The greatest value of a school year book lies in the practical experience afforded the students on the business staff. The selling of advertising space should properly belong to the senior classes in salesmanship. It is difficult to conceive of a more favourable field for putting into practice the classroom theory. Moreover, students in this stage of their school careers are usually looking forward to business positions in the immediate future. Frequently a good impression made in a sales contact may be the means of "landing a job." Unfortunately, at the Central High School of Commerce

the senior students have not taken advantage of this chance to test their selling abilities or personalities in direct contact with business men.

The work of publishing *The Argosy* has been greatly helped by the active interest of the students of the First and Second Forms. Although they are not yet far enough advanced to benefit from their experience as would be possible for senior students, the junior boys of the school have surely done an excellent job.

During the past three years *The Argosy* has improved one hundred per cent in size and quality, without an increase in the cost per copy. Our magazine is now the only one of its kind in the province to sell for twenty-five cents. This has been made possible through the resourcefulness and persistence of the advertising staff.

We are proud of our first and second form boys, and are confident that those who have assisted in making our *Argosy* possible will be able to adjust themselves to the business world more readily than those who have shown no interest in the word.

WEE LEE, BI.

A FAREWELL TO AUTUMN.

The frost is a silver carpet
Flung o'er a landscape bare;
The goldenrod has wisps of grey
Entwined in her lovely hair.

The evening breezes of the valley
Is a heart-broken thing of to-day,
Vainly calling those dear lost ones,
The mischievous elf and the fay.

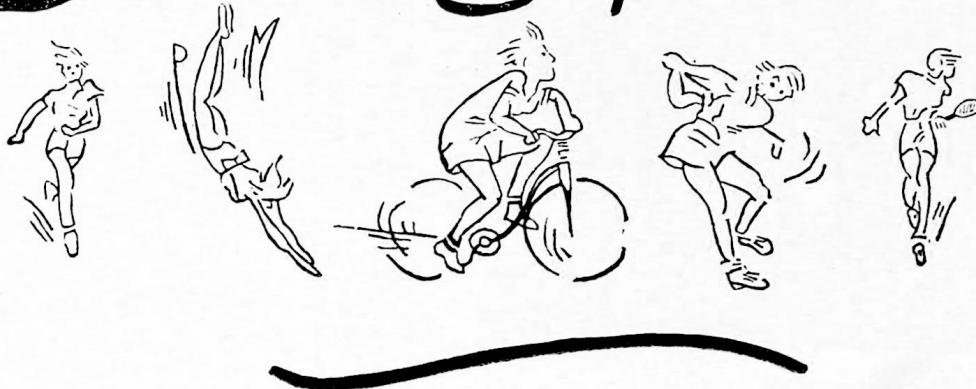
The murky red of the sunset.
Sets the western sky afame.
The tall old elms by my window
Fold their bare branches in shame.

Over the pulsing harbour bar
One star keeps a watch in the sky,
Like a tiny white candle of heaven
Whose pure white glow cannot die.

The dryads have fled from the forest
At the first chilly sigh of the Fall,
When coming afar from the northland
She laid her cold hand over all.

OLIVE G. DARLING, C3.

Girls' Athletics



OLIVE THEOBALD, C3.

More and more each year, athletics are becoming a growing factor in the education of the high school girl. Under the capable leadership of Miss Hodgson and Miss Boyes, the girls' sports have been progressing by leaps and bounds. During the past year such successes as the Gym Exhibition and the display of physical training before the Governor General prove that the wearers of the blue and white are capable of becoming tops in this capacity.

THE ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

An Athletic Committee was chosen this year from the class athletic representatives of the school. The following students were elected to office:

President - - -	Anne Norris
Vice-President - - -	Olive Theobald
Secretary-Treasurer - - -	Vera Bayne
Basketball Representative -	Evelyn Waterfield
Volleyball Representative -	Diane McClean

Field Day

The annual Field Day was held on October 9, 1937, at Scott's Park. With the help of the teachers and some of the senior students, along with the co-operation of the participants, it was a great success.

The three girls who carried off top honours were:

Junior Champion -	Hazel Noseworthy
Intermediate Champion -	Evelyn Waterfield
Senior Champion -	Olive Theobald

Basketball

This year the gym teachers of the high schools of Hamilton decided that instead of having one school team there should be games within each school between forms, and the school winners of each form should compete with other schools. In the first and second forms the first two teams were chosen, whereas in the third and fourth only one team qualified from each year.

Results

School Champions	Runners Up	City Champions	Runners Up
FORMS			
I			
A4	A9	A9	A4
II			
B4	B6	Westdale	B6
III			
C3		Delta	C3
IV			
S2		Delta	S2

The first and second forms were coached by senior students who attended a special class for referees and coaches directed by Miss Hodgson previous to the basketball season.



A9—CITY CHAMPIONS

Back Row—G. McCaslin, M. Newton, D. McLean (coach); D. Moffat, N. Miche.

Second Row—V. Moon (Captain), S. McNaughton, H. Morrison.

Front Row—J. McKay, G. McEnnery, B. Murphy.

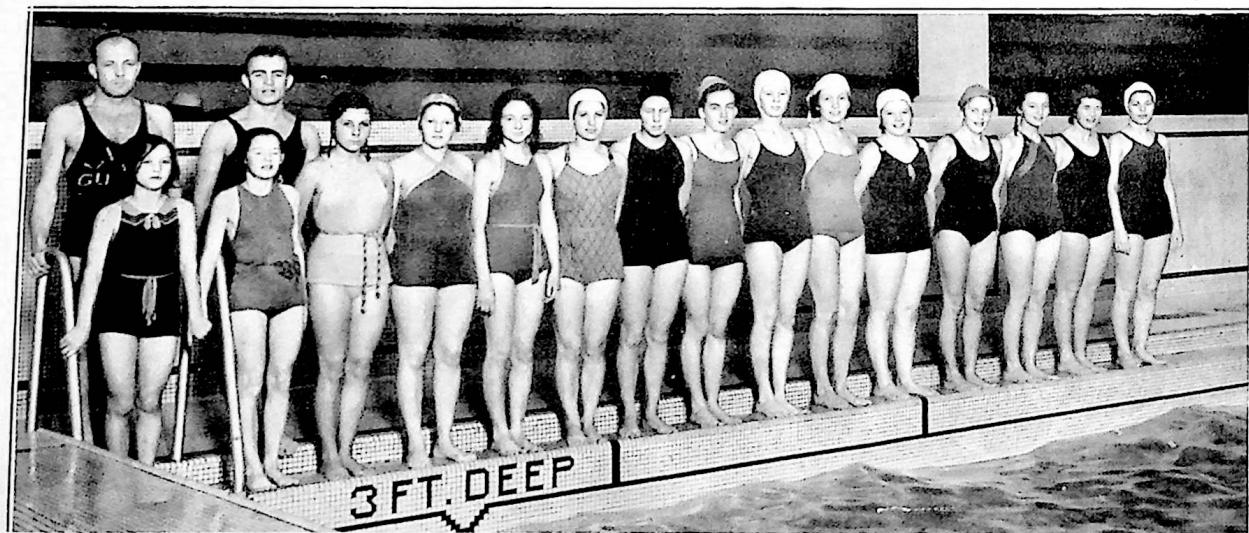


Swimming

This year our girls' swimming team came through with flying colours. On February 19, at the Municipal Swimming Pool, they won the city relay championship and received the splendid Silverwood Birk Trophy. The girls in the relay team were: Anne Norris Betty Gilbart
Gladys Johnson Audrey Book

Tumbling

The Tumbling Class was started in 1937, and at the gym exhibition made a great showing. This year the class is bigger and better than ever, and, under the direction of Miss Hodgson, will be ready to put on a fine performance at the coming 1938 School Exhibition.



GIRLS' SWIMMING CLASS

Back Row: Mr. McWhirter, Charles Corcoran. *Front Row*: left to right, Wilma Porthouse, Ivy Porthouse, Marjorie Walton, Evelyn Button, Marion Cole, Aileen Anderson, Audrey Book, Marjorie Evershed, Diane McLean, Shirley Corp, Gladys Johnson, Kay Pritchard, Nora Hewson, Olive Hinton.



S2—RUNNERS-UP FOR CITY CHAMPIONSHIP

Back Row—E. Mackenzie (Manager), B. Scott, E. Vandervoort, V. Macon, N. Ritchie,
Front Row—G. McKeil, M. Scher (Coach & Captain), J. McBride, D. Hall, (absent).

COKSS

Dancing

Much enthusiasm hailed the beginning of the dancing class. Ballroom and tap dancing are becoming quite popular under the capable leadership of Miss Boyes.

The Gym Party

On November 15, 1937, the first gym party was held, with great success, in the girls' gym-

nasium. Nearly every girl in the school attended. It was, in a way, the initiation of the first formers. Each first form was compelled to put on a programme, and each member of the first year was obliged to attend wearing her gym suit backwards and a large hair ribbon. Everyone had an enjoyable time, and co-operated to make the party a splendid success.

COKSS

C3—FORM CHAMPIONS

Back Row—O. Darling, E. Hughes, S. Zakrewski, M. McKinley.
Front Row—M. Schneider, O. Theobald, G. Cook.
Front Row—G. McKeil, M. Scher (Coach),
Sitting—M. Morrison.





B4—FORM CHAMPIONS

Back Row—M. Schneider, J. Young, B. Wills, M. Rocchi.

Front Row—E. Dyer, E. Waterfield, J. McMillan.

A4—FORM CHAMPIONS

Back Row—V. Bayne (coach), I. Allan, I. Brooks, M. Barlow, L. Bryer.

Front Row—I. Beamsley, D. Brierly, A. Anderson (Captain), A. Blanchard, J. Ashworth.

Sitting—V. Burns, R. Broadhead.



B6—RUNNERS-UP FOR CITY CHAMPIONSHIP

Back Row—O. Theobald (Coach), M. Curtis, S. Earith, M. Kurzan.

Front Row—M. Rowan, G. Cooper (Captain), M. Wright.

The Music of Nature

What a lazy summer day! Fleecy clouds drifted dreamily across the turquoise sky. Slowly the dilatory sun climbed his invisible sky-ladder as though he cared not if he failed to reach its top by noon. The bees hummed drowsily among the delicate wild apple blossoms. All nature was wrapped in warm contentment.

As I stood upon the grassy bank of the crystal stream, gazing at the green meadow and into the cool forest, I felt a sixth sense, a musical sense, awaken within me. Nature's great symphonic orchestra had begun to play a soft, harmonious melody.

The lacy fronds of the ferns swayed gracefully like the batons of some invisible orchestra leaders. The merry breezes gently rustled the leaves of the great elm to produce the delicate elfin notes of a harp, while the gentle South wind sang softly over the whole meadow. The weeping willow did not seem to be weeping at all, but rather seemed to lean towards the stream that she might dip her dainty finger tips into the cool, refreshing water, and hear the soft swish as it passed over them. The

laughing brook rippled over its pebbly bed like the fingers of a musician over the keys of a piano. A wise old frog sat sunning himself on a huge, green lily-pad in the smiling pond. The high clear whistle of a meadowlark sounded from above like the dulcet notes of a fife.

Then the choir began to sing. A small grey phoebe impatiently called the songsters to attention. The cheery notes of a robin sounded from the fragrant apple tree. A brilliant oriole darted swiftly to the top of the great elm, and there he swayed, whistling his clear plaintive song. A song sparrow warbled sweetly from a bush. A tiny wren sang her merry, bubbling melody from the old apple tree. Like a small bit of sunshine, a yellow warbler flitted through the air, calling its gay, sharp little song. The soft mellow warble of the bluebird mingled pleasantly with the other songs.

I listened in delight to all those sounds, and as I reluctantly made my way back across the meadow, I decided always to be aware of the music as well as the beauty of nature.

MARGARET STINSON, S2.



NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Continued from Page 32

about his travels, and also to secure the king's and consequently the government's support in an attempt to find the Northwest Passage. The Major has acquired a perpetually drunk secretary, Potter, who has deserted his daughter, Ann, and Langdon is tricked by Potter into being her guardian when they sail back to America.

Once back in America, Rogers is appointed Governor of Michilimackinac, and they all go to that territory to live before the proposed trip to find the Northwest Passage. The Major's attempts, to do anything for his country's welfare are discouraged and trampled by a stubborn, arrogant Englishman of superior power, Sir Wm. Johnson. Despairing of his own ability to get away, Rogers sends a force, headed by Langdon, to attempt to find the Northwest Passage. Troubles force them to return, and when they do, they discover that Johnson has the Major in prison for an unde-

termined cause. Langdon finds that Rogers has mistreated Ann, whom he has grown to love dearly, so he refuses to help the Major. He also learns that Ann has returned to England with her dying father, so he pursues her, and finds her in London, where she is giving a public display of his paintings. It is almost needless to say that they are married at once. The climax deals with the future life of the Townes, and what happened to Major Rogers. This is all very interesting, and it would spoil the reader's enjoyment of the book to tell too much about this.

I cannot recommend this book too highly, and I urge everyone to read it for his own enjoyment, as well as to get a very vivid picture of early days in America. I believe that anyone who reads this book will agree with me when I say that it is one of the finest and most interesting books ever printed in the English language.

JACK MORGAN, D1.

EAST VERSUS WEST

Continued from Page 29

To illustrate the truth of this saying we will take England and China as examples. While England was uninhabitable with vast woods, swamps and bogs, infested by packs of wolves and other wild animals in search of prey, China was making rapid progress along the path to civilization.

Nine thousand years ago, the Britons lived chiefly by hunting and fishing, clothing themselves in skins, and painting their faces to give them a terrible aspect. They were rude, ignorant, nomadic and disunited; their homes were either caves or crude huts made of sticks plastered with mud. Their ways of reading and speaking were extremely primitive, they did have a little knowledge of road making and the navigation of rivers. At this same period of time China was well on her way to civilization, for she had learned the way of making textiles and the way of making these textiles into clothes of many colours, styles and designs. Her houses were made of stones and lumber. They were usually more than one storey in height, and they were made in such a way that they proved strong and substantial. The Great Wall of China is a relic of her skill in architecture. The art of reading, writing and speaking was prevalent; she was well united and had for many years the monarchial form of government. She had made use of water for transportation and she had built many roads throughout the country.

Up to three thousand years ago, the Britons had made little progress in the climb to civilization. Being isolated from the mainland, Britain had been slow to enjoy the comforts of civilization, but China had been rapidly progressing, for this was the Chinese age of inventions. At this period, a certain Chinese had invented a wooden mechanical horse which greatly improved the means of transportation; however, this only lasted for a short period of time, for the people did not keep a record of how it was made and when the inventor had passed away, his invention had remained only a memory. Soon after an adding machine was invented; this machine could add, multiply, subtract and divide, and as it was quite simple in composition it has remained in use to this day. The manufacture of bombs and many other inventions were lost through jealousy and the carelessness of recording. Many herbs were discovered and those proved to be a great help in combating disease. One man discovered an herb that could draw out a bullet or

arrowhead imbedded in the flesh, but he was assassinated before he could tell the source of his discovery. Thus many inventions came into existence only to be lost and never heard of again. However, some of these are still in use such as gun powder and the mariner's compass.

The customs and social life of the English and the Chinese, today, are entirely different. While the English language is composed of an alphabet of twenty-six letters, the Chinese language is composed of thousands of characters; therefore unlike the English the Chinese has no spelling. One English word may contain several syllables but a Chinese word contains only one syllable. The English read and write from left to right but the Chinese do just the opposite; they read and write from right to left. Also, instead of writing across the page, the Chinese write in columns.

In China the ladies do not enjoy privileges as they do in the western world. The well known expression "Ladies before gentlemen," does not find favour in eastern society where the men frequently enjoy the best at the expense of the ladies. In England the parents are in general more sympathetic towards their daughters than towards their sons, but in China it is the exact opposite, for their old age pension is obtained from their sons and not from their daughters who are usually helpless to make a living for themselves unless they are married.

When there is a marriage, instead of the wife changing her name to her husband's, the husband changes his name to a new one. When they are married, the wife never calls her husband by his name, and the husband never calls his wife by her name, but when they want to call each other's attention they do it by a certain tone in the voice. Perhaps you have read of Chinese being married at an age which is not legitimate here. In reality it is a misinterpretation for they are only engaged to be married in the future.

From early times until the present day China has made little progress and at times she has even gone backwards in her knowledge of civilization. Today England possesses one of the most progressive and enlightened people of the world. By this brief sketch of China and England I hope I have conveyed to you the contrast between the two countries—China progressing while England was at a standstill and England progressing while China is at a standstill.

WEE LEE, BI.

SECOND FORM—B₁ and B₂SECOND FORM—B₃, B₄ and B₅

STAFF CHANGES

Last June, when we said good-bye to some of our students, we also said good-bye to some of our teachers. Mr. Dilworth left us to join the staff of the North Toronto Collegiate Institute. Messrs. Elliott, Foucar and Stewart are retired from teaching.

We were glad to welcome our new teachers in

September. Miss Whitham, Mr. Price, and Mr. McWhirter came from the Ontario College of Education, Miss Boyes from the Westdale High School of Commerce, Miss Riley and Mr. Ralston from the Technical Institute, and Mr. Risborough from the Leamington High School.

We hope that they will enjoy their work at Commerce.



CLIFFORD WHITTINGTON, SI.

"Of all the arts, music is the most universal, the most spontaneous, and immediate expression of human emotion, the most sensitive and elastic medium."—HAROLD BAUER, world famous concert pianist.

From the beginning of history, the desire for music has always been one of man's foremost artistic needs. Through the ages, there has been a steady development from the simple willow pipe to the present day wood wind instruments. The development of music, and its survival over difficulties, has shown that it is essential to man, a necessity feature of his life.

At Commerce, the students join the Glee Club and produce operettas in order to satisfy their desire for music.

On the night of Friday, February 4, 1938, in the Technical School Auditorium, the Music Committee of the Central High School of Commerce presented the operetta, "Penitent Pirates". Under the direction of Miss Wood, Miss Lorraway, and Mr. Day, the operetta was a great success. This was due in no small way to Olive Fay, our pianist whose faithful attendance at practices is appreciated.

The theme of the operetta concerns a number of ultra-modern girls who resent the treatment they receive from their parents, and fleeing to an island near New York, they pose as pirates. After a few days their supplies give out and they find that the island is inhabited by real pirates. After being thoroughly scared by these pirates, they find that they are only friends from New York; they realize their foolhardiness and are glad to return home.

Those taking part were: J. Ashworth, E. Cooper, V. Elley, H. Knight, R. Francis, M. Lynuk, A. Maklin, B. Mulholland, V. O'Rosy, A. Parsons, E. Parsons, H. Patterson, M. Rainvasser, E. Wender, J. Haverlock, A. Blackburn, G. Tremaine, B. Urlin, B. Kunciman, J. Anderson, B. Armitt, L. Barker, J. Buist, M. Fribance, O.

Holowich, E. MacKenzie, W. Parsons, M. Proctor, C. Quant, S. Seigel, J. Warner, C. Wilson, I. Walker, E. Baylis, J. Beaton, E. Gilbert, S. Lajzo, J. Lane, M. Marchuk, M. Morrison, B. Parkin, J. Reid, B. Scott, I. Weichelt, O. Theobald, A. Parker, B. Johnson, N. Curtis, J. Horsley, F. Groom, C. Hhittington, J. Shields, W. Drew, B. Windsor, K. Forsythe, J. Lebovitch, B. McGugan, H. Green, R. Parr, K. Sheppard, K. Tilbury, J. Hoyle.

After the operetta the Glee Club started to sing new songs, as about six or eight members of the chorus will be chosen to form part of a large choir which will sing at a Teachers' Convention in Toronto during the Easter holidays.

Don't forget the school play which will be presented soon. If it is of the same calibre as the operetta, it deserves the attendance of everyone in the school.

WITH THE DYING OF THE YEAR

The embers on the hearth were growing cold,

The humble hillside hut was dark and chill;
But at the window, watching as of old,

Silent and alone she lingered still—

She, whose final page was almost done,

For nothing more remained for Life to tell—
And on her wrinkled face the starlight shone,
Lighting it with Memory's magic spell.

She saw, without, the landscape deep and white,

The creeping shadows sloping down the hill;
And far below, the town-lights shining bright,

To say the people there were watching still;
Then, through her reverie, came soft and low

A melancholy sigh, the wind's last breath:
And when the bells rang out across the snow,
She only heard the solemn toll of Death.

GEORGE KATTRUCK, BI.



CAST OF "PENITENT PIRATES"

Left to Right—*Back Row*: F. Groom, B. Windsor, N. Curtis, R. Parr, B. McGugan. *Row 3*: K. Tilbury, C. Whittington, F. Sheppard, J. Hoyle, B. Johnson, W. Drew, J. Horsley, J. Shields, H. Green. *Row 2*: E. Gilbert, V. O'Rosy, B. Parkin, L. Barker, M. Frihance, E. McKenzie, J. Reid, A. Blackburn, G. Tremaine, M. Moore, H. Knight, E. Winder, M. Lynuk, R. Wood. *Row 1*: B. Urbin, S. Siegel, C. Wilson, J. Buist, I. Witchelt, O. Theobald, B. Mulhall and, O. Fay, B. Armitt, M. Marchuk, A. Maklin, E. Cooper, M. Proctor, B. Scott, J. Ashworth.

The Longest Trip I Ever Made

Continued from Page 24

over the NBC. Among the many interesting visits we made, was one out to the Statue of Liberty, inside of which one may ascend by stairs to the uppermost part of the arm.

After two weeks of business and pleasure in New York, we journeyed to Chicago, the "Windy City", where we saw the place where the notorious Dillinger was killed by the federal police. In this city we were the guests of the famous composer of songs, Robert Gomer Jones, who entertained us right royally.

We toured around the states of Illinois and Indiana extensively, singing in Lake Forest, La Grange, Forest Park and Gary. A bus then transported us to Minneapolis and St. Paul in Minnesota and finally to Winnipeg.

Our stay in Winnipeg was for a week during which time we saw the famous Hudson Bay Store, which is similar to, but more magnificent than, Eaton's new store in Toronto. Some kind friends entertained us and showed us around Garry Park where we took some pictures of the animals which are fortunate enough to be sheltered there. We also bought some bread and fed them by hand.

Our next stop was to be Regina, but we broke the trip, and gave concerts in Portage La Prairie and Brandon. In Portage La Prairie a group of Indian children were at my concert, but they were dressed like white children. At Brandon, a boy took me out hunting in twenty-seven degrees below zero weather and all we caught was a couple of colds.

I gave two concerts in Regina and also a radio broadcast. At Saskatoon I had an unusual honour conferred upon me. The T. Eaton Company had asked me to sing at their beautiful dining room, the Georgian Room, and when I arrived there, a group of Boy Scouts met me with solemn faces and put a kerchief around my neck, pronouncing me to be one of their Exhibition Troop. I was delighted with this honour and to this day I have their emblem and kerchief.

From Saskatoon we went up to Prince Albert, where, unfortunately, it was 55 degrees below zero, but we found the people here unusually hospitable. The mounted policemen went around wearing large coats made of buffalo hides. Here, instead of taxis, they used vehicles called snowmobiles. They

had a cruising speed of 35 miles an hour, and were operated on the same principle as the aeroplane. Instead of wheels, skis were used, and the power was derived from a propeller placed at the back of the machine.

Edmonton being our next stop, I was especially attracted by the beautiful parliament buildings there. The dome of one particular building was painted or made of gold-coloured material, which was lit up at night, making an impressive picture.

The train carried us to Calgary, which lies in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. This is a city of variable temperatures because the Chinook winds come quite frequently, melting all the snow and giving one the impression that spring has come. My Dad and I had the great privilege of visiting the Duke of Windsor's ranch, where prize stock is raised. Mr. Carlyle, the manager of the ranch, very kindly escorted us there during our much-too-short stay. I must say that while at the ranch we rode horse-back up and down the hills that surround it.

The day arrived when we departed for Kelowna, B.C. Unfortunately it was at night when we passed through Banff, the well-known winter and summer resort, therefore I was unable to see it. I asked the porter to wake me up early so that I could see the Rockies, and when I awoke, I saw the majestic cliffs towering up on both sides of the train. I had to press my face on the pane of the window before I could see the tops of these immense mountains. Kelowna is a small town of 3,000 people, nestling in the Okanagan Valley, famous for its fruit orchards. Lake Okanagan is said to be the home of legendary sea monster called Ogopoga. I am going to tell you of an interesting experience there: About two years previous going to this place, I had sung on a coast-to-coast hook-up from CRCT, Toronto. A girl of twelve years had heard me and written me, congratulating me on the performance. I answered her, stating that I might come to Kelowna some day. She expressed her enthusiasm at this statement and told me of the beauty of Kelowna. After my arrival at Kelowna, I telephoned her and she came to my concert. Following the concert, her mother and father invited me to have dinner in their home, and I accepted. Thus after two years of corresponding, I had met my unknown friend.

My Dad and I next crossed Lake Okanagan by
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SECOND FORM—B6 and B7



SECOND FORM—B8 and B9

THE LONGEST TRIP I EVER MADE

Continued from Page 56

ferry, and took the bus to Penticton, and on the way we saw many deer in the woods. The next day we nearly missed our train to Vancouver and we had to run for it.

When we arrived in Vancouver it was raining—nice warm rain. How refreshing it was compared to the cold winter weather we had had previously. Incidentally it was my birthday while I was there, so we celebrated a little. Of course we had been wearing our winter coats, but Mother sent our spring and fall coats to us because we were going into a warmer climate.

After remaining around Vancouver for a period of two weeks, we took a steamboat to Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, and later went on to Victoria, where we stayed at one of the most beautiful hotels anywhere in Canada, the Empress Hotel, right on the coast of the island. Victoria is a great place for bicycles—I do not think I ever saw so many bicycles in one place.

A steamer next took us to Seattle in the state of Washington, a trip of five hours. All the baggage and customs was looked after before boarding ship. Here we were the guests of Katherine Glen, a noted composer of songs, who took us horse-back riding and gave us a splendid time in general.

From Seattle we proceeded to Tacoma in the same state, where a native Indian presented me with a miniature totem pole, which I still have in my possession. Our next stops were Salem and Portland, Oregon—two very picturesque towns. Our stay was not a lengthy one, but we managed to see the most interesting places. Sacramento was our next stop. I noticed the place had certainly changed from the picture taken of it in '49 which I had seen. Miles upon miles of citrus trees adorned the landscape, supplying the world with fruit.

At last we came to San Francisco, my ideal of a place to settle down in as a moderate climate is obtainable all year round. I received an invitation to the city hall by Mayor Rosse, who presented me with the key to the city and placed at my disposal his own car and a police boat, fully manned to tour the bay. My Dad and I passed within a hundred yards of Alcatraz Penitentiary and we procured a snapshot of the now completed Oakland Bridge, just as the last span was put in.

After a stay in 'Frisco for two weeks at the Manx Hotel, during which time I sang at Grace Cathedral, over the radio, etc., we proceeded down

to Los Angeles and Hollywood through Stockton, Fresno and Bakersfield. It was this trip I enjoyed most of all during my tour, because I travelled in a United Air Lines aeroplane. It was a 500-mile trip, but it only took us two and three-quarter hours. Upon our arrival at Los Angeles, we took a taxi to the Savoy Hotel and made it our headquarters for three months, while seeing the sights and generally having a good time.

I met many celluloid celebrities whose company I enjoyed greatly. Among the most important of the actors and actresses were: Jane Withers, James Cagney, Mae West, Ginger Rogers, Bill Robinson, Shirley Temple, etc. I liked Miss Withers best of all because she was unassuming, and carried herself unaffectedly. On Mother's Day, Miss Withers and I made a special broadcast over radio station KNX, she talking about mothers of the United States, and I singing songs about Mother. It was also our great pleasure to witness the making of that great picture "Green Pastures" by Warner Bros.

At a benefit show for the victims of the floods in Pennsylvania, held in Long Beach, California, I sang a few selections. Among others appearing there were Henry Armetta, Edith Fellows and Jimmie Cagney. One day I received a telegram from San Diego, asking for my services at the San Diego Exposition. I went and was amazed at the beauty of the place. The next day I went horse-back riding with some friends upon the hills, and looking down on the bay, we saw the "fleet" which was in at the time. We were on the border of Mexico and we managed to slip into the country for a few hours, during which time we were not impressed with it greatly. My opinion was that it was a very dirty country, but I really was not in it long enough to be able to criticize it.

I returned to Los Angeles and the time finally came when we had to return. I was not what you might call sorry because travel loses its appeal when taken in one big dose, and furthermore, I was feeling somewhat homesick. For our trip home we travelled in a large bus, one of those sleeper buses owned by the Greyhound Lines.

It took us two days and two night to reach St. Louis where I was scheduled to sing. We crossed Arizona and New Mexico where it was unbearably hot. All the houses there were called adobes, made out of baked mud and straw. All the scenery we could see was cacti and sage and miles of endless plains and desert waste.

We passed through Kansas City and finally we
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Titania's Palace

JACK MORGAN, D.I.

A few months ago, the people of Hamilton had the rare opportunity of viewing Titania's Palace—one of the miniature wonders of the world. It is very unfortunate that more did not take advantage of the occasion, but a great many seemed to regard it as a freak doll-house, and were reluctant to spend the small admission charge—the same amount as that for a bargain matinee at one of our theatres. The proceeds were later turned over to a prominent Hamilton charity organization to be used to benefit crippled children.

Titania's Palace should not be looked upon as a play thing; it is far more than that. It is an attempt to let children's ideas of fairyland materialize; to let them see fairyland as their imaginations dreamed of it—as written descriptions caused them to conceive it. The first necessity of such a work is to try to make fairyland suggest to every child a kind thought leading to a good and useful deed. This was the very idea that Sir Nevile Wilkinson had in mind when he started work on the miniature; when he had it finished for public display, it was very evident that his thought had materialized.

Since it was opened by Her Majesty, Queen Mary, on July 6, 1922, Titania's Palace has been viewed by nearly five million adults and children, and almost two million dollars has been raised for the benefit of crippled and otherwise under-privileged children. There must be some reason for this tremendous "box-office" appeal, and I shall try to give you my reasons for thinking that this little palace is one of the wonders of the world.

The ground plan of the palace is in the form of a hollow rectangle, nine feet by seven feet, occupying an area of sixty-three square feet; total height is twenty-seven inches. It contains sixteen rooms in all, built around a central courtyard, and is lighted and heated throughout by electricity. As it is built in sections, it can be packed for travel. To describe every detail of its sixteen rooms would take volumes of books, so that I shall try to give just the most important items in all the rooms as a whole.

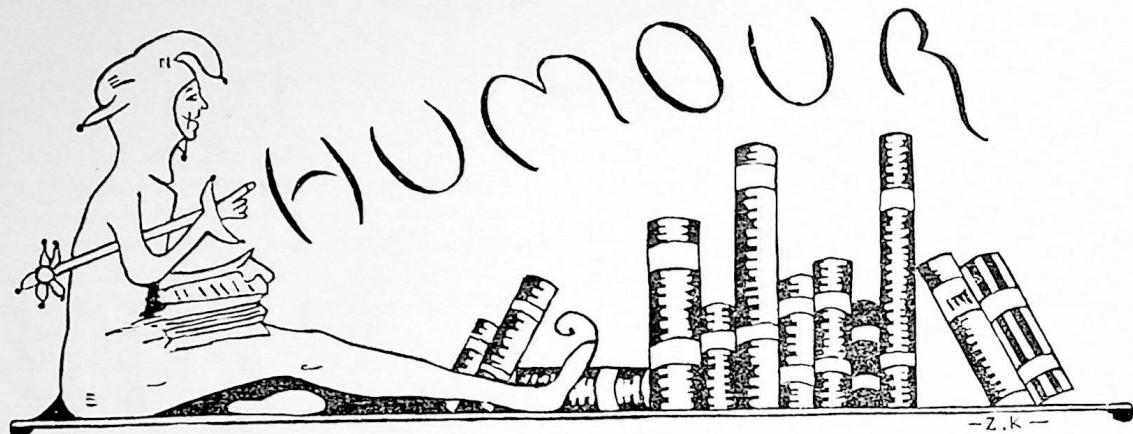
The general room-planning of the palace is admirable. Each little piece of the floor and ceiling

was delicately carved by hand, either of wood or marble. Some of the larger rooms have floors with as many as five thousand pieces of wood. A plan as pains-taking and delicate has also been carried out on the walls and the ceiling.

The rooms in the order that the public view them, are: Hall of The Guilds, Hall of The Fairy Kiss, The Chapel, Titania's Boudoir, Princesses Iris and Ruby's Bedroom, the Dining Room, Day Nursery, Princesses Daphne and Pearl's Bedroom, Morning Room, Bathroom, Private Entrance Hall, the Royal Bedchamber, Oberon's Study, Oberon's Dressing Room, Oberon's Museum, Bedroom of Princes Noel and Zephyr and the Throne Room.

On reading the name of the preceding rooms, one can get an idea of the different miniature works of art that would be contained in them. Some of the more important, from an historical point of view, are: a cannon made by Michael Mann, armourer of Nuremburg, about the year 1580; an original illuminated Book of Hours written about 1450; the smallest rosary in the world; a miniature pipe-organ that can pour forth real organ music; a polychrome ivory figure representing Tobit and the Angel, a Portuguese work of the 16th century; a peacock throne made of genuine diamonds; a tiny chess-table which has an authentic pedigree of more than a hundred years; the world's tiniest silver bicycle; the smallest known portrait of George Washington, and thousands more far too numerous to mention. I can safely say that a person could spend practically a whole day studying each room to appreciate fully the value of the works of art contained in them. Indeed, on looking into some of the rooms, one feels as if he could almost step in and make himself at home, so realistic are the features seen there.

As Titania's Palace has yet to travel and fascinate some of the larger cities in Canada and the United States before returning abroad, it is hardly probable that it will ever return to Hamilton. If any of you should ever be in one of the cities where it is being displayed, you owe it to yourself to see and enjoy this masterful work of art by Sir Nevile Wilkinson and the most famous artists and architects in the world.



STAN. CASTLE, B.I.

*If you don't like these jokes
And their dryness makes you groan,
Just call around to-morrow
With some good ones of your own."*

A1

Rod Barnard was the centre of a group of admiring men and women. He had crawled out on thin ice to rescue a playmate who had broken through.

"Tell us, my boy, how you were brave enough to risk life to save your friend," asked one of the ladies.

"I had to," was the breathless answer. "He had my skates on."

* * * *

"Bridget, has Lorne come home from school yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sir."

"Then how do you know he's home?"

"Cause the cat's hiding under the stove, sir."

* * * *

"Look here," Hugh's father gasped to the sub-editor, "I wrote a poem about my little boy, and began thus, 'My son, my pigmy counterpart'."

"Well?" replied the sub-editor.

Mr. Gordon drew a paper from his pocket. "Read," he shouted. "See what your compositor has done."

The sub-editor read, "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

Mrs. Greer—"Come here, Johnnie, I have some good news for you."

Ken (without enthusiasm)—"Yes, I know; father is home again."

Mrs. Greer—"Yes, but how did you know?"

Ken—"My bank won't rattle any more."

A2

It was Dewi's first day at school. He walked up to the teacher's desk and announced—"I ain't got no pencil!"

Shocked at his expression the teacher exclaimed, "Oh, Dewi, I have no pencil."

A sympathetic look crossed the small boy's face, and he replied, "You ain't either? Well, we're both in the same fix."

* * * *

Bill Lightheart—"Daddy, what do you mean by a gentleman farmer?"

His Daddy—"A gentleman farmer, my son, is one who seldom raises anything but his hat."

* * * *

Bill Levy—"And what is your name, my little man?"

H. Shipley—"Henry, sir."

B. Levy—"Why did your parents name you Henry?"

H. Shipley—"I'm the eighth, sir."

* * * *

Ed. Czyz—"What's up, Bill?"

Bill Jones—"I sent my girl two letters every day since I went abroad, and now she's married the postman."

Each year for over three generations hosts of young students have planned their purchase of diamond engagement rings and sterling silver flatware at Birks.

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A Friendly Place to Dine—Where Food is
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Mr. Holmes—"Murray, what is an advertisement?"

Murray—"An ad is a picture of a beautiful girl, eating, driving, drinking or selling something or other."

A3

Miss Dodds (during an art lesson)—"Suppose you were in the National Art Gallery when it caught fire. What three pictures would you save?"

A. Vollick—"Please, miss, the three nearest the door."

* * * *

Mr. McWhirter taking a hygiene lesson, asked Thompson, "What is the name of the ribs which are not joined, Thompson?"

After much hesitation Bob answered, "Spare-ribs, sir."

* * * *

Mr. Donaldson dictated the following: "In came Caesar, on his head his helmet, on his back his

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armour, and on his feet his sandals."

Ray Moore, poor in punctuation, submitted the following: "In came Caesar on his head, his helmet on his back, his armour on his feet, his sandals."

A4

Valerie, sitting in church, watching a wedding, suddenly exclaimed—

"Mummy, has the lady changed her mind?"

"What do you mean?" her mother asked.

"Why," replied Valerie, "she went up the aisle with one man and came back with another."

* * * *

Mr. Donaldson to hobo—"Did you notice the pile of wood in the yard?"

"Yes, sir, I seen it."

"You should mind your grammar. You mean you saw it."

"No, sir. You saw me see it, but you haven't seen me saw it."

*Eventually**Mummy's Bread**Why not?*

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"My daughter sprang from a line of peers," said Joyce's father.

"Well," said her father, "I jumped off a dock once myself."

* * * *

"I am always hungry in arithmetic period," complained Helen Ashmore.

"Aren't you hungry in history period?" asked Lorraine Bethley.

"No," answered Helen, "our teacher is always stuffing us with dates and current events."

* * * *

"Number please," asked the operator.

"Number please nothing," said Lorraine, "I put my nickel in here and I want my chewing gum."

* * * *

A tourist was walking in Scotland. Snow had fallen and he had lost his way. He was struggling

Robert Wilson Shoe Store
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SINCE 1863

along the narrow path when he met Isabelle Allan.

"Friend," he said, "I sure am lost."

Isabelle—"Is there a reward out for ye?"

"None," he said.

"Well," said Isabelle, "you're still lost."

* * * *

Helen Ashmore—"My brother gets a warn' welccome wherever he goes."

Joyce Ashworth—"He must be very popular."

Helen Ashmore—"No, he's a fireman."

* * * *

Audrey Book—"What's your greatest weakness?"

Dorothy Beaney—"My vanity. I spend hours every day looking at my beauty."

Audrey Book—"That's not vanity, it's imagination."

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A5

A little Scotch girl, Cathie Craig, came running into the house very much out of breath.

"Father," she said, "I ran all the way home behind a street car to save a nickel tonight."

Mr. Craig—"A nickel, why didn't you run behind a bus and save a dime?"

* * * *

Mrs. Donaldson—"Margaret, did you eat that loaf of bread?"

Margaret—"No, Mother, the store was closed."

Mrs. Donaldson—"What! At this hour of the day?"

Margaret—"Sure. There was a sign on the door that said, 'Home Baking'."

* * * *

Boy at the roller skating party—"Haven't I

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seen your face some place before?"

Mae Dolman—"No, it has always been where it is now."

* * * * *

Doris D., walking into a restaurant—"Do you serve fresh lobsters here?"

Waitress—"Yes, miss, sit down."

* * * * *

Father—"I see in the paper where it says cosmetics attracts germs."

Marjorie C.—"Now, Dad, it isn't nice to talk about my boy friends like that."

* * * * *

The leopard has escaped and the circus manager wired to the village police: "If you see a leopard, shoot it on the spot."

Back came a wire. "What spot?"

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Hamilton Branch

A6

Velma Eisenor, applying for an office position—"I may say I'm smart, I've won several crossword and word-picture competitions lately."

Employer—"Yes, but I want someone who can be smart during office hours."

Velma—"This was during office hours."

* * * *

Jean Ford, as she spied several calves running

across the pasture—"Oh, what pretty cowlets."

Young Farmer, apologetically—"Pardon me, miss, them ain't cowlets; them is bullets."

A7

Audrey's Father—"When I was a little boy, I always ate the crusts."

Audrey Holowich—"Did you like them?"

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Hamilton

Father—"Of course, I did."
Audrey—"Then you can have mine."
* * * *

Dorothy Hauser, to new milkman—"How much
is the milk bill?"

Milkman—"Scuse me lady, but my name's Joe."

* * * *

Spelling

I cannot spell howe'er i trigh,
And I don't know the reason whygh.
I only know alas that eyem
In school in trouble half the tyme.

But now I'd better say no moar
Lest I become an awful boar,
I've told you quite enuff to showgh
That is the spelling class I'm lough.

COMPLIMENTS OF
OF

BROWN HARDWARE

817 King St. E. & Fairleigh Ave.

A8

Miss M. MacKenzie, after smash-up—"Do I
need much more before I am able to drive?"

Dejected Instructor—"About a dozen."

Miss McKenzie—"Lessons?"

Dejected Instructor—"No, cars."

* * * *

Helen Jones—"What kind of a dog is that?"
Dorothy Kramer—"Police dog."

Helen Jones—"Doesn't look like a police dog
to me."

Dorothy Kramer—"I know it's in the Secret
Service."

* * * *

Mr. Ralston—"Can you tell me the name of a
well known animal that supplies us with food and
clothing?"

Margaret MacLeod—"Yes, sir, father!"

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Beverley May—"I don't feel well, Mother, so I don't think I'll go to school."

Mother—"Where don't you feel well?"

Beverley May—"In school."

* * * *

Irene Mawson—"A little birdie told me I am going to pass in algebra."

Heather Knight—"It must have been a little cuckoo."

A9

Mr. Pugh—"Helen, give me the signs of the Zodiac."

Audrey N.—"Cancer the Crab, Taurus the Bull and—Donald the Duck."

* * * *

Jean McKay—"How did mamma find out you didn't really take a bath?"

Jean's Brother—"I forgot to wet the soap."

* * * *

Marion Moore—"Twenty-nine Englishmen and an Irishman were lost in the wreck," Marie.

Marie Murphy—"Ouch indade, now, the poor man."

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A10

Miss Hodgson—"Hazel, did you take a shower?"

Hazel P.—"No, is one missing?"

* * * *

Pat Reynolds—"This coffee looks like mud!"

R. Olevieri—"Well, it was ground this morning."

* * * *

Barbara P.—"They say that new teacher is a bit of an angel."

Mary O.—"Well rather! She's always flying up in the air and harping about something or other."

A11

Miss MacKenzie to Gertrude E.—"Gertrude, what is a robin?"

Hilda Stockton, answering out of turn—"A sparrow with high blood pressure."

* * * *

Nurse—"Joyce, you're anemic."

J. Walsh—"Why, I'm not. There's no insanity in our family."

* * * *

This was taken from an examination paper from that brilliant form A11—The Duke of Wellington

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was buried with great pomp and splendour. It took six men to carry the beer.

* * * *

Mr. Ralston, without looking up—"Miss Stocks, did you do your algebra homework?"

R. Stocks shakes head but teacher doesn't see her.

Mr. Ralston—"Answer me!"

R. Stocks—"Please sir, I shook my head."

Mr. Ralston—"Well, I can't hear it rattle from up here, can I?"

* * * *

Eva Smith—"Did you ever speak before a large audience?"

D. Wade—"Yes, I did once."

Eva Smith—"What did you say?"

D. Wade—"Not guilty!"

* * * *

Girl Guide J. Stewart—"I think I shall have to lie down."

Miss Whitham—"Why, are you ill?"

J. Stewart—"No, but I've done so many good

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54 JACKSON ST. E. HAMILTON

turns that I feel giddy."

* * * *

He comes in the door with his ruler,
And gives us a whack on the feet,
For putting them up on the furniture—
And scratching up all of the seat.

He always makes us dispose of our gum,
And the girl that laughs goes out on the run;
He tells us jokes that aren't a bit funny—
And knows exactly our value in money.

And he's always telling us of the food
There was never a woman that was any good;
But in spite of all this, we are never blue—
That and much more is our Mr. Pugh!

* * * *

Joan Smith, to Eileen Smith—"Oh, Eileen darling, the cat has just ate the lovely dinner I prepared for you."

Eileen—"Never mind, Joany, I'll buy you another cat."

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—A sick friend
—Bon Voyage or welcome home.
—Congratulations or thank you

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B 1

Andy Knox—"It's really wonderful what some insects can do. A grasshopper can jump 200 times its length."

Dave Moffett—"That's nothing, I once saw a wasp raise a 200-pound man three feet off the ground."

* * * *

"Yes, Fagg is the most successful salesman I know."

"What's his success?"

"Yesterday he sold Mrs. Brown two dozen stair carpet rods."

"I don't see anything very wonderful in that."

"Neither did I until I realized that the Browns live in a bungalow."

* * * *

Sam Restino's allowance had run out, so he wrote home for more money. Feeling a bit nervous about the impression it would make he ended his letter: "P.S.—I did not like writing to you. In fact, I ran after the postman to get this letter back."

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A week later he received the following reply—"You will be glad to know I did not receive your letter."

* * * *

Lady—"No, thanks, my husband does the gardening—at least he loafes around and pretends to."

Kudlats—"Couldn't yer gimme a job helping him?"

* * * *

Mr. Greenwood—"Now the last part of a sentence is important; it leaves a taste in your mouth. Give an example of this, Bill."

B. McLea—"The stew contained many onions."

B 2

J. Buchanan—"There are a lot of hitch-hikers on this highway."

L. Wilson—"They don't bother me. I hang out this taxi sign every time I leave a town."

* * * *

Reid Cook had been in the army so long that he had lost count of his years of service. One

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day he was hauled up to the orderly room for having a dirty rifle.

"What was your last crime, my man?" demanded the commanding officer.

"Having a dirty bow an' arrow, sir!" growled Cook.

* * * *

McLeish, now a minister, prided himself on his oratorical powers. He was describing the downward path of the sinner, and used the metaphor of a ship drifting and going to pieces on the rocks.

A sailor in the audience was deeply interested.

"The waves dash over!" cried McLeish. "Her sails are split! Her yards are gons! Her masts are shivered! Her helm is useless! She is driving ashore! There seems no hope! Can nothing be done to save her?"

The sailor rose in his seat, his eyes wide with excitement.

"Let go the anchor!" he shouted.

* * * *

Louis Skelton took the ticket the clerk gave him, picked up his change and walked away. A few moments later he was back at the booking office.

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2-4920

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Safes, Office Furniture and Filing Systems,
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SHOP AT—

ZELLERS

—IT PAYS

"I say," he said to the clerk, you gave me the wrong change just now."

"Sorry," said the clerk with a shrug of his shoulders, "but it cannot be rectified now. You should have called my attention to it when you bought your ticket."

"Well, that's all right," said Skelton, "I'm not worrying. You gave me two dollars too much."

* * * *

Instructor to V. Richardson—"Well, young man, ever been up before?"

"Only as a passenger, sir, but I have watched a lot of—"

"Humph, seems that I get all the novices to teach. But believe me, I teach 'em. When they've finished my course of instruction, they're not flying rough roofs and killing passengers."

"Now first I'll show you how to handle the stick. Back like this, see. Slow and easy. Always remember, never try to take her up too fast. One accident, and, believe me, you'll never want to get off old Mother Earth again. That's why I feel proud of my record. For twelve years now I've

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been training young people like yourself, and not one of my pupils ever cracked up an elevator yet."

B3

Rilla Stipe—"I suppose you would be surprised if I gave you a cheque for a birthday present, Daddy?"

Her Father—"Indeed!"

Rilla—"Well, here it is—all made out and ready for you to sign."

* * * *

Margaret Beatty—"You must be keen on the talkies, to go twice a week."

Pat Clay—"It's not that exactly. You see, if I don't go regularly I can't understand what my friends are saying."

* * * *

"Hullo," called Lillian Churchill over the telephone, "is that the Humane Society?"

"Yes," replied the official in charge.

"Well, there's a book canvasser sitting up in a tree in my garden teasing my dog."

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2-9014

WE DELIVER

Miss Boyce—"Catherine, what is a bigotry?"
Catherine Brown—"A bigotry is a man who gets married while he still has a wife."

B4

Aileen MacDougall—"Did you hear about the awful thing the teacher did to Jimmy?"

Meta Morrison—"No."

Aileen—"She made him wash his face at school, and when he came home his dog didn't know him and bit him."

* * * *

Sarah Burrell—"What's the row over at the carnival?"

Helen Irons—"A fake dentist sold the fire-eater a set of celluloid teeth."

* * * *

Margaret Munson was wandering round the local museum with her grandmother. When they came to the usual statue of Venus de Milo, with half an arm missing on one side the whole arm cut away on the other. "There ye are, my girl," said the grandmother, wagging her finger. "That's what comes o' biting your fingernails."

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B5

Harriett Joslin was a guest at a small Southern hotel when she was awakened early one morning by a knock on her door.

"What is it?" she called drowsily without getting up.

"A telegram, Miss," responded a negro's voice.

"Well, can't you shove it under the door without wakening me up so early?"

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THEATRE**

GEORGE STROUD

Manager

"No, Miss," the darky answered, with his mind on a tip, "it's on a tray."

* * * *

Mary K.—"Which is correct, a hen is sitting, or a hen is setting?"

Diane McL.—"I don't know, and I don't care. All I worry about is, when she cackles is she laying or lying."

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Lorraine Upper with a huge brown paper parcel, came out of a chiropodist's establishment. She was furiously angry, and said to the friend awaiting her "Call's himself a chiropodist, and can't stuff a dog."

* * * *

Mrs. Turner—"Ella, were you a good little girl at church today?"

Ella—"Yes, mother. A man offered me a big plate of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.'"

* * * *

Edna McCabe—"I wish I knew who put that joke in the paper about the Scotch being so tight."

Norma—"Why don't you phone the editor and ask?"

Edna—"What! And who'd pay the phone call?"



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CALHOUN HAT
and Smile!

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B7

Doris Lawrence—"Call this strawberry shortcake?"

Waiter—"Yes."

Doris—"But you only gave me four strawberries; where's my cake?"

Waiter—"That's what we're short of."

* * * *

Eileen Hurd—"I had a terrible dream last night. It seemed so real. I dreamed someone stole my watch."

Betty Cliffe—"Was it gone!"

Eileen—"No! but it was going."

B8

Dr. Wingfield—"What is a cotton gin?"

Vera Simmons—"A very intoxicating liquid."

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GREETINGS TO ARGOSY

Grads Welcome at 1113 Pigott

B8 has told Mr. Smith that he must give them ten per cent of the proceeds he receives when selling our school girl boners. That's business (?) training to you.

* * * *

Mr. Smith—"Give a definition for the business man term "water stock company."

Georgina S.—"A company is said to water the stock when they soak the people."

* * * *

Dr. Wingfield—"What is the name of the powder they put on the pulp to make smooth paper?"

L. Langford—"Princess Pat."

* * * *

"May I see the Captain?" L. Conick inquired, while a passenger on a ship.

"He's forward, miss," replied the first mate.

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Lillian, "I've been out with Collegiate students."

* * * *

Mary Marchuk—"Marking my examination paper may be compared to adding alum to water."

Suzanne Lajzo—"How?"

M. Marchuk—"The marks sink down to the bottom."

B9

Loretto Bell (to clerk)—"I want to buy some lard."

Grocer—"Pail."

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Loretto Bell—"I didn't know it came in two shades."

* * * *

Margaret Proctor—"Can you tell me why a brown cow that eats green grass, gives white milk that makes yellow butter."

Mr. Pugh—"For the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green."

* * * *

Irma Weichelt—"What is that peculiar odour in the library, old bean?"

Olive Darling, brightly,—"That, old tomato, is the dead silence that is kept here."

* * * *

Shirley Coppins—"They all laughed when I sat down at the piano."

Violet Dillon—"Why?"

Shirlye Coppins—"There wasn't any stool."

C1

Waitress—"Here's your shortcake, sir."

L. Beatty—"You call that shortcake? Take it out and berry it!"

* * * *

Panting and perspiring, Pete Lovrick and Bill Baraza on a tandem bicycle at length reached the top of a steep hill.

"That was a stiff climb, Pete," said Bill.

"Sure and it was," said Pete. "And if I hadn't kept the brake on we should have gone backward."

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Ken Johnston was told to write an essay on King Alfred, but not to attach too much importance to the famous story about the cakes. In due time the boy produced quite a good essay which wound up with: "There is another incident in King Alfred's life. One day he visited a house where a certain woman lived, but the less said about that the better."

* * * *

Bruce Towers, now a policeman, was giving evidence in a case of alleged drunkenness. "You say the man had been drinking," said his worship. "Drinking what?"

"Whisky, Oi think," replied Towers.

"You think," stormed the great man. "Don't you know the smell of whisky? Aren't you a judge?"

"No, sorr, I'm only a policeman."

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Lorne Vollick—"You say you lost your sweetie by tossing coins with your rival in front of her?"

Doug Angus—"Yes, we tossed to see who'd be her permanent boy friend. I tossed a dime and he tossed a twenty-dollar gold piece."

C2

Vera Ayliffe—"I have had three operations and many times I've been at death's door."

Betty Bridges—"Well, cheer up. He may be home next time."

C3

Mr. Riseborough—"There is no difficulty in the world that can't be overcome, if you try."

Gladys Cook—"Did you ever try to squeeze toothpaste pack into the tube?"

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L I M I T E D

C5

Vivian Clute—"Let's cut classes today and go to the show."

Velma Stevens—"Can't do it. I need the sleep."

* * * *

Salesman (after displaying stock of linoleum)—
"What did you say it was for, ma'am?"

Stella Mallar—"Oh, didn't I tell you? It's for the bottom of the canary cage."

* * * *

Lois Widdup had been banging the piano and disturbing everybody. At last she said, "I've tried every key." To which Gloria Brunton replied, "Now try this one. It locks the piano."

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D 1

J. Brown—"What colour bathing suit was she wearing?"

D. Dolman—"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."

* * * *

R. McKay—"Much of a house at Sproniston?"

R. Feggans—"Very small."

McKay—"Much applause?"

Feggans—"Well, a dog in the stalls wagged his tail."

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COMPLIMENTS

OF

ORANGE CRUSH

Employer—"Where have you been?"

Roy S.—"Aving me 'air cut, sir."

Employer—"You know you can't do that on the company's time."

Roy S.—"Well, it grew in the company's time."

Employer—"Well, it can't have all grown in the company's time."

Roy S.—"Well, I ain't 'ad it all cut off, 'ave I?"

* * * *

J. Morgan while visiting a lunatic asylum went to the telephone and found difficulty in getting his connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator:

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Robinson's

Hamilton's Department Store

"Look here, girl, do you know who I am?"
"No," came back the calm reply, "but I know where you are!"

* * * *

J. Barnard—"Yes, my uncle went out West several years ago to make his fortune."

B. McMurray—"And what is he worth now?"

J. Barnard—"Don't exactly know; but six

months ago the authorities were offering \$1,000 for him."

D2

Annie C.—"I don't care for men. In fact I've said 'No' to several of them."

Margaret C.—"What were they selling?"

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Elizabeth K.—“Let’s toss a coin. Heads we go to the show, tails we go out with the boys.”

Rae S.—“And if it stands on edge, we’ll stay home and study.”

* * * *

Mr. Purdy—“Frances, what is the latest date mentioned in your book?”

Frances G.—“Saturday night, eight o’clock.”

D3

Jane J.—“So he is a reckless driver?”

Beatrice E.—“Say, when the road turns the same way as he does, it’s just a coincidence.”

* * * *

Ruth Smith (giving new cook instructions)—“I am getting a new griller for the kitchen.”

Cook—“Then I don’t want the job. I won’t have one of those big hairy monkeys jumping around in my kitchen.”

* * * *

Stella (just engaged)—“Olga, can you imagine what it is like to be in love, to sit next to the man you adore and feel your innermost soul vibrate?”

Olga—“Of course, my dear, I feel like that every time Joe takes me out on his motor bike.”

S1

Mr. Whittington—“Son, can’t you cut down on your school expenses?” You know you are almost ruining the family.”

Clifford—“Well, I might possibly do without any books.”

* * * *

J. Horsley—“Does your watch keep the correct time, old man?”

J. Lebovitch—“Well, it did until I began to compare it with the radio broadcasts.”

* * * *

The farmer had given permission to W. Drew to sleep in the barn. That night the farmer went round to the barn to see that the man was comfortable and found him lying on a heap of straw with a drainpipe for a pillow.

“Don’t you find that pipe hard?” asked the farmer.

“No, yer honor,” said Wilfred, “I’ve filled it with straw.”

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S 2

"I have a bad attack of hay fever this summer, Miss Ferguson said to Miss Fisher.

"I can sympathize," replied Miss Fisher, taking a small box from her pocket. "Here, try some of this."

"Is it really good?"

"Wonderful. I have had hayfever for fourteen years and never use anything else."

THE LONGEST TRIP I EVER MADE

Continued from Page 58

arrived at St. Louis. It is a busy city where the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers meet. From there we went to Indianapolis and Toledo, giving concerts in churches and theatres. From these places we went to Detroit where we saw the Chrysler and Ford plants. I had the pleasure of meeting Walter P. Chrysler and having lunch with him.

The train carried us to Toronto on the last lap of our journey. We had been away over nine months, and were rather glad to be back. At our arrival the Welsh people of Toronto turned out and sang songs at the station. From the station we had an escort to the city hall where I had a civic reception by Mayor McBride.

I have derived a great benefit from this trip, which I will never forget, and all I can say is this: If you get the chance to travel, don't miss it. Travel in itself is an education. Regarding my scholastic studies while on tour, my Dad kept my work up to par, as he has a good knowledge of school work. Therefore I did not lose as much as one would think.

You may wonder what my choice would be if

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I had the chance of living in any of the cities I have been in. The greatest city in my opinion is that of San Francisco. One may have eternal sunshine all year round there. If you would go to San Francisco in February, you would find roses blooming everywhere.

DEWI JONES, A2.

TROUBLE IN THE HOLY LAND

Continued from Page 20

from direct access to the sea, thus causing a depreciation of two valuable possessions, Jaffa and Haifa. The Arabs also resent the permanent British Mandate over the Holy Places.

The Jews, likewise, found fault with the Report. They claim that having only one-fifth of Palestine allotted to them makes Jewish immigration impossible. Two most important Jewish enterprises, the Jordan Power Development and the Dead Sea Potash Works, have been included in the Arab area.

So it appears that Solomon's theory will not work twice, and that the strife will continue. It is, indeed, growing steadily worse. Air Force planes are now needed to control the terrorists, and many people are killed almost daily as British forces attempt to restore peace.

It is hoped that a solution to the problem will be found before much more blood is needlessly spilled, but that all rests in the hands of One whose only Son was persecuted by the Jews in that land almost two thousand years ago.

R. FEGGANS, D1.

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Almonds...

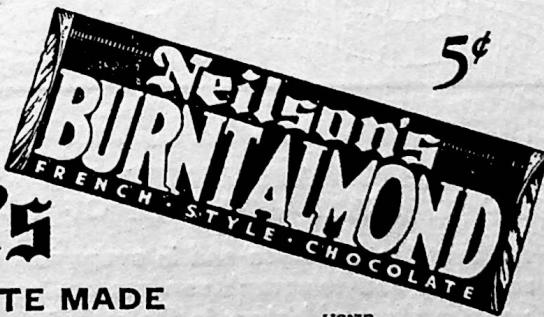
were first known in Southwestern Asia

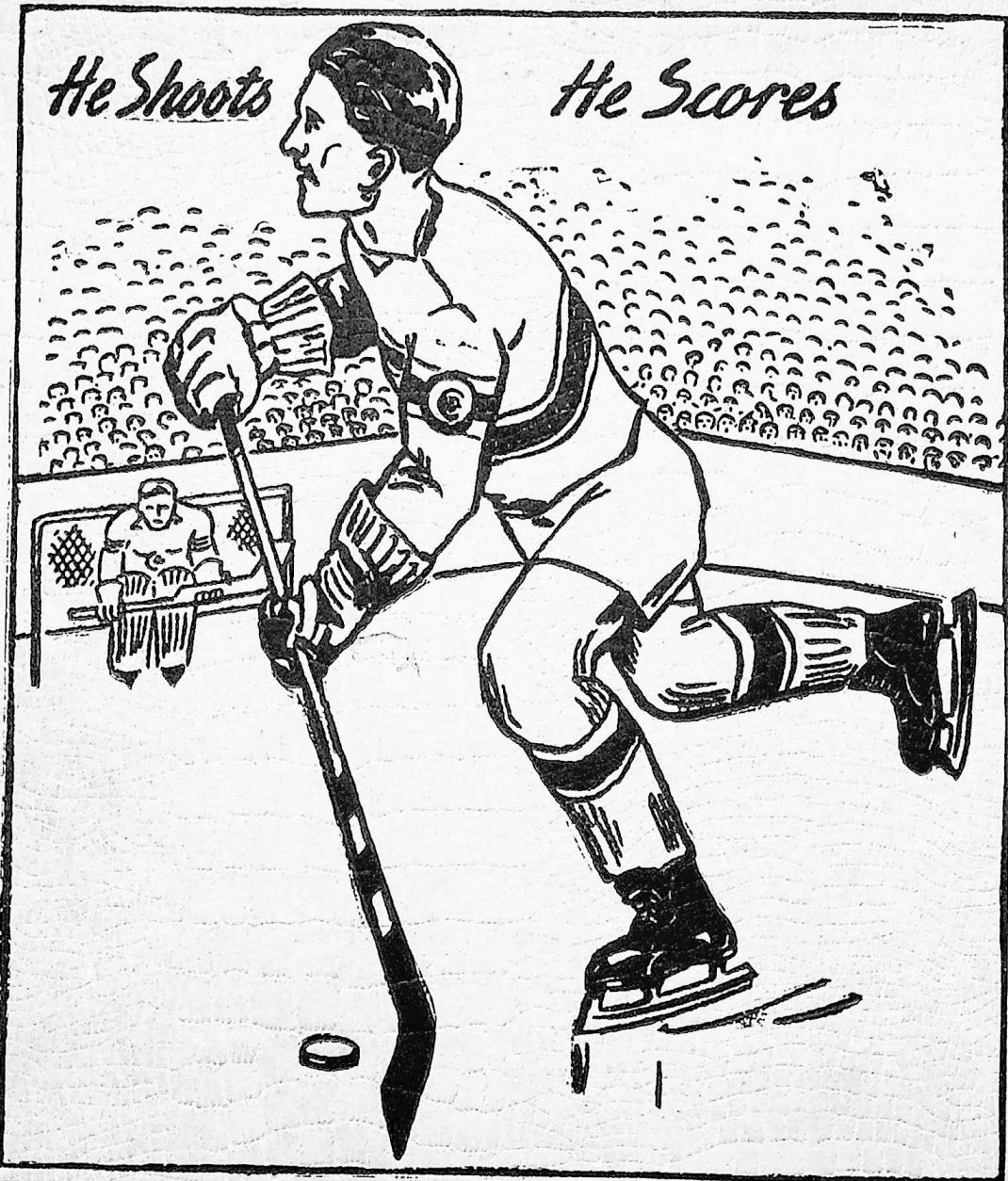
THE origin of the almond is a matter of conjecture, so long has it been known. It is supposed to be a native of Southwestern Asia and the Mediterranean region. There are two types, the bitter and sweet. The bitter almond appears to be the original, the sweet may have been an accidental variety. Today the latter is grown extensively in Southern Europe and in California. The almond was known

in England in the 11th century as the "Eastern Nutte-Beam." It is used to some extent in medicinal and other preparations, but the nuts are chiefly used for eating. There are hard shell, soft shell and some specially thin-shelled varieties known as paper shells. The long almonds of Malaya, known as Jordan almonds and the broad almonds of Valencia are the most valued.

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